

ofm

Forster. d. 71

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

THE HAROLD FORSTER  
COLLECTION OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY  
ENGLISH VERSE

*From the library of*

HAROLD FORSTER, M.A., King's College.

*Purchased 1982, with the assistance of  
the Friends of the National Libraries*





T H E

ADVENTURER,

VOLUME the THIRD.



ofm



T H E

ADVENTURER,

I N

FOUR VOLUMES.

---

—*Tentanda via est ; qua me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

VIRG.

On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go,  
And leave the gazing multitude below.

---

VOLUME the THIRD.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for B. LONG, and T. PRIDDEN,

M, DCC, LXXVII.

ofm





T H E

# ADVENTURER.

---

Numb. 71. Tuesday, July 10. 1753.

---

—*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

Mart.

We strive to paint the manners and the mind.

**L**ETTERS written from the heart, and on real occasions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, must be far more useful and interesting than the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balsac; as they contain just pictures of life and manners, and are the general emanations of nature. Of this kind I shall select a few from the heap I have received from my correspondents, each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumstances that pass the bounds of reality.

To the ADVENTURER,

SIR,

Sombre-Hall, June 18.

**I** AM arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated mansion. Would I could

VOL. III.

‡

A

of m

2 THE ADVENTURER No. 71.

be annihilated during the insupportable tediousness of summer ! We are to sup this evening, after having fished the whole afternoon, by day-light, think of that, in the new arbour. My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer prospect from thence, than the illuminated vistas at Vaux-hall afford, only because he sees a parcel of woods and meadows, and blue hills, and corn-fields. We have been visited by our only neighbour, Mrs Thrifty, who entertained us with a dull history of the children she has educated at a little school of her own founding, and who values herself for not having been in town these ten years, and for not knowing what a drum means. My sister and I have laid a scheme to plague her, for we have sent her a card, intreating her to make one at Brag next Sunday. For heaven's sake send us your paper weekly, but do not give us so many grave ones ; for we want to be diverted after studying Hoyle, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not pass away totally useless, and that we may be a match for Lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next jubilee masquerade. How shall I have patience to support my absence from it ! And if Madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a mi-

No. 71. THE ADVENTURER. 3

nute account of the complexion she now wears, and of every article of her dress; any milliner will explain the terms to you. I don't see that you have yet published the little novel I sent you; I assure you it was written by a Right Honourable; but you, I suppose, think the style colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's Pindaric ode on the E O table, must absolutely be inserted in your very next paper, or else never expect to hear again from

LETITIA.

To the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

I Apply to you, as a person of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myself out of a great and uncommon difficulty. To enable myself to breed up a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an University education from making him a scholar. An old gentlewoman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made

morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to censure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my churchwardens, that the play-house is the temple of Satan, and that the first Christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my clerk shakes his head, and fears his master is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal son; and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it; '*ex quo quidem argumento posset non inelegans texti comedia*,—on which subject a most elegant comedy might be composed;' which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners. What! cried they, would the parson put the Bible into verse? would he make stage-plays out of the Scriptures? How, Sir, am I to act? Assist me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreasonable obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or must I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquish all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and generously burn



NO. 71. THE ADVENTURER. 5

my tragedy in my church-yard, in the face of  
my whole congregation?

Your's, &c.

*Jacob Thomson.*

TO THE ADVENTURER,

S I R,

**I** Had almost finished a view of the inside of  
St Peter's at Rome in Butterfly-work, when  
my cruel parroquet accidentally trod upon the  
Purple Emperor, of which the high altar was  
to have been made. This is the first letter I  
have written after my dreadful loss; and it is  
to desire you to put an advertisement at the  
end of your next paper, signifying, that who-  
ever has any 'purple emperors, or swallow  
'tails,' to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser  
at Lady Whim's in New Bond street.

Your's &c.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

S I R,

**I**F you will pay off my milk-score and lod-  
gings, stop my tailor from arresting me,  
and put twenty pieces in my pocket, I will  
immediately set out for Lyons on foot, and  
stay there till I have translated into English  
the manuscript of Longinus which you talk of  
in your fifty-first paper. Favour me with a

speedy answer, directed to Mr Quillet, at the cork cutter's in Wych-street, Drury-lane.

P. S. Seven booksellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

TO the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

**Y**OU affect great tenderness and sensibility whenever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have therefore enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old bachelor. I consider love in no other light than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you would publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

‘Love,’ says this judicious prelate, ‘is not  
‘only a passion of the soul like hatred and en-  
‘vy, but is also a malady of the body like a  
‘fever. It is situated in the blood and the  
‘animal spirits, which are extraordinarily in-

‘ flamed and agitated ; and it ought to be  
‘ treated methodically by the rules of medicine,  
‘ in order to effect a cure. I am of opinion,  
‘ that this disorder may easily be subdued by  
‘ plentiful sweats and copious bleedings, which  
‘ would carry off the peccant humours and  
‘ those violent inflammations, would purge the  
‘ blood, calm its emotion, and re establish it  
‘ in its former natural state. This is not mere-  
‘ ly groundless conjecture, it is an opinion  
‘ founded on experience. A great prince, with  
‘ whom I was intimately acquainted, having  
‘ conceived a violent passion for a young lady  
‘ of exalted merit, was obliged to leave her,  
‘ and to take the field with the army. During  
‘ this absence, his love was cherished and kept  
‘ alive by a very frequent and regular inter-  
‘ course of letters to the end of the campaign,  
‘ when a dangerous sickness reduced him to  
‘ extremity. By applying to the most power-  
‘ ful and efficacious drugs physic could boast  
‘ of, he recovered his health, but lost his pas-  
‘ sion, which the great evacuations he had  
‘ used had entirely carried off unknown to him.  
‘ For imagining that he was as much in love  
‘ as ever, he found himself unexpectedly cold  
‘ and indifferent, the first time he beheld again  
‘ the lady of whom he had been so passionately  
‘ fond. The like accident befel one of my  
‘ most intimate friends, who recovering from

‘ a long and stubborn fever by falling into co-  
 ‘ pious sweats, perceived at the same time that  
 ‘ he was cured of a passion, that for some time  
 ‘ before had continually teized and grievously  
 ‘ tormented him. He had no longer any taste  
 ‘ for the object he formerly adored, attempted  
 ‘ in vain to renew his gallantries, and found  
 ‘ that insensibility and dislike had banished ten-  
 ‘ derness and respect.’

I am your’s,

*Akalos.*

To the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

**I**N one of your late sermons I am informed,  
 for I never read myself, that you have pre-  
 sumed to speak with ridicule and contempt of  
 the noble order of Bucks. Seven of us agreed  
 last night at the King’s arms, that if you da-  
 red to be guilty of the like impudence a second  
 time, we would come in a body and untile  
 your garret, burn your pocket-book of hints,  
 throw your papers ready written for the press  
 into a jakes, and drive you out into the strand  
 in your tattered night-gown and slippers: and  
 you may guess what a fine spectacle the mob  
 will think an animal that so seldom sees the  
 fun as you do. I assure you, that next to a  
 day at Broughton’s, or the damnation of a



new play, the truest joy of our fraternity is,  
'to hunt an author.'

Your's,

Z

Bob. Whipplean.

---

Numb. 72. Saturday, July 14. 1753.

---

Πολλά μετὰ ξυ πίπαι καλυκος και χιλιος ακεν.

Prov. Gr.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

THE following narrative is by an eastern tradition attributed to one Heli ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia, who is said to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may possibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itself, however founded, is sufficient authority to consider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I shall not scruple to incorporate it with my own.

Dost thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of Divine Perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdest splendor, abundance,

and beauty; is not He who produced them Mighty? Thou considerest; is not He who formed thy understanding, Wise? Thou enjoyest; is not He who gratifies thy senses, good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy Maker.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might without presumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment insupportable: and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour; I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, wait-

ed long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: 'Heli,' said he, 'those who desire Knowledge that they may teach Virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence from which thou mayest derive instruction.' We sat down, and I listened as to the counsel of an Angel, or the music of Paradise.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: those which came first to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant

of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, tho' he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to women: the merchandize which he was transporting, had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire: he, therefore, demanded Amana of her parents; his message was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the



servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended, now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect: she received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he spoke she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin the Caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still

unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhausted: he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execrations. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt: the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he, therefore, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him; 'By the smile of my Lord,' said he, 'let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity; and let his favour elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will.'

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired: he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes: the evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified, and Nouraddin being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse: he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, intreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by stature and her shape, lifted up her vail with impatience, timidity, and solicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end: he prostrated himself before her,



as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity: he passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

---

Numb. 73. Tuesday, July 17. 1753.

---

— *Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.*

Juv.

Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour. Dryden.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardie's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not

B. 3



behold Amana without emotion : he perceived indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion ; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance ; but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and intreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist ; he therefore, raised her from the ground, and supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed. ‘ Let my  
 ‘ Lord,’ said she, ‘ dismiss a wretch who is not  
 ‘ worthy of his presence, and compassionate  
 ‘ the distress which is not susceptible of delight.  
 ‘ I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed  
 ‘ to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my  
 ‘ body has been forced by the perfidy of a  
 ‘ slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O ! let not the terrors  
 ‘ of thy frown be upon me ! shall the sovereign  
 ‘ of Egypt stoop to a reptile of the dust ? shall  
 ‘ the judge of nations retain the worthless  
 ‘ theft of treachery and revenge ? or shall he  
 ‘ for whom ten thousand languish with desire,  
 ‘ rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated  
 ‘ mind ?’ Osmin whose breast had by turns been enflamed with desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw

her from him, and departed without any reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspense : but the passions which eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant, and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours did she not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger : the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay ; and therefore, advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind to make a just estimate of her own happiness ; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throbs of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber ; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and in-

indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation: 'If wisdom and goodness do indeed preside over the works of Omnipotence, whence is oppression, injustice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power of Osmin? O that now the justice of Heaven would appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I was Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!' The moment he had uttered this wish, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder; and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him. 'Nouraddin' said the vision, 'I am of the region above thee: but my business is with the children of the earth. Thou hast wished to be Osmin; and as far as this wish is possible it shall be accomplished; thou shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and to exercise his power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to conceal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till to-morrow he shall not interrupt thee.'

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend; and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the Genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: 'As



‘often as this bracelet,’ said he, ‘shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin.’ The Genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the studd of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient: he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy: ‘What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched by the want of that which the caprice of women has bestowed upon my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to

‘the bosom of Amana!’ He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent : but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the Genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy : and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled : a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana ; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poinard, but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor ; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him

in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message, that Amana was yet inviolate: in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and then he commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered alone, pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward, threw his arms about her in an extasy of tenderness and joy; which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Olimin those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour: he therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the Talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form,

would have rushed again into her arms ; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy ; and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other ; told her by what means he had intercepted her message ; and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all the desires in each other, and leave the inheritance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed ; then suddenly turning away from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. ‘ In the bowl ’ said she, which ‘ thou hast intercepted, there was death. ‘ I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison : a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me, that him who drank the potion would inevitably destroy.’

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal m



lignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden; his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak; impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment; the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected; and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

‘Such,’ said the companion of Rhedi, was ‘the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the vail: let the world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge cloathe thee with humility.’

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright

as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. 'Hast thou met,' said he, 'the voice which thou hast heard, is the voice of Zachis the genius; by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power.'

Now, therefore, let Virtue suffer adversity with patience, and Vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict: for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

---

*Numb. 74. Saturday, July 21. 1753.*

---

*Infamientis dum sapientia  
Consultus, erro.*

Hor.

I mist my end, and lost my way,  
By crack-brain'd wisdom led astray.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

SIR,

**I**T has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counsel and instruction are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to chuse their own measures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is something in advice very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands; since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unskillful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we must

as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. ‘Hail,’ said he, ‘the voice which thou hast heard, is the voice of Zachis the genius; by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power.’

Now, therefore, let Virtue suffer adversity with patience, and Vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict: for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.



---

*Numb. 74. Saturday, July 21. 1753.*

---

*Infanientis dum sapientia  
Consultus, erro.*

Hor.

I mist my end, and lost my way,  
By crack-brain'd wisdom led astray.

To the ADVENTURER,

SIR,

IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counsel and instruction are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to chuse their own measures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is something in advice very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands; since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unskillful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we must

all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it by the light of our own experience; and, for any security that advice has been yet able to afford, must endeavour after success at the hazard of miscarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be understood to mean, the everlasting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumstances can justify any deviation; but such directions as respect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of essential duties.

It is, indeed, not so frequently to make us good as to make us wise, that our friends employ the officiousness of counsel; and among the rejectors of advice, who are mentioned by the grave and sententious with so much acrimony, you will not so often find the vicious and abandoned, as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls, who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless

fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I being naturally of a ductile and easy temper, without strong desires or quick resentments, was always a favourite amongst the elderly ladies, because I never rebelled against seniority, nor could be charged with thinking myself wise before my time; but heard every opinion with submissive silence, professed myself ready to learn from all who seemed inclined to teach me, paid the same grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controversy arose, was careful to side with her who presided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reason chiefly, as she herself declared, because I was not above hearing good council, but would sit from morning till night to be instructed, while my sister Sukey, who was a year younger than myself, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was so much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady in the ardour of benevolence reproved or instructed her, she would pout or titter, interrupt her with questions, or embarrass her with objections.

I had no design to supplant my sister by this

complaisant attention; nor, when the consequences of my obsequiousness came to be known, did Sukey so much envy as despise me; I was, however, very well pleased with my success: and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion, that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an easy rate, and resolved to continue the same passive attention, since I found myself so powerfully recommended by it to kindness and esteem.

The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wisdom: a patient listener, however, is not always to be had; the present age, whatever age is present, is so vitiated and disordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counsel is only thrown away upon those who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this scarcity of good sense, a general favourite; and seldom saw a day in which some sober matron did not invite me to her house, or take me out in her chariot, for the sake of instructing me how to keep my character in this censorious age, how



to conduct myself in the time of courtship, how to stipulate for a settlement, how to manage a husband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

We are naturally credulous in our own favour. Having been so often caressed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myself really enlightened by instruction, and completely qualified for the task of life. I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furnished against all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myself from every difficulty, and sagacity to provide against every danger; I was, therefore, in haste to give some specimen of my prudence, and to shew that this liberality of instruction had not been idly lavished upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpose, for why should I deny it? was like that of other women, to obtain a husband of rank and fortune superior to my own; and in this I had the concurrence of all those that had assumed the province of directing me. That the woman was undone who married below herself, was universally agreed; and though some ventured to assert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a sufficient compensation for a defective ancestry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upstarts should not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications I had an irreconcilable variety of instructions. I was sometimes told, that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his person, was more likely to value the tenderness of his wife; but a grave widow directed me to chuse a man who might imagine himself agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always insupportably vigilant, and apt to sink into sullenness, or burst into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face, or a handsome shape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, against all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happiness could possibly be enjoyed: men of every other kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal for whom no arts of taming had been yet discovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was considered as lost to all hope of dominion or of quiet: for he would detect artifice and defeat allurements, and if once he discovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, caresses, and protestations.

In pursuance of these sage principles, I proceeded to form my schemes; and while I was yet in the first bloom of youth, was taken out

at an assembly by Mr Frisk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed, and my eyes sparkled; for I observed the looks of all my superintendants fixed anxiously upon me; and I was next day cautioned against him from all hands. as a man of the most dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verses to one lady, and then forsaken her only because she could not read them, and lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his sister.

Having been hitherto accustomed to obey, I ventured to dismiss Mr Frisk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addressed by Mr Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was shortly to be lady: but Sturdy's conversation was so gross, that after the third visit I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by dismissing him, the censure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at last to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other class, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithstanding the advice constantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to discard some for vice, and some for rudeness. I was once

loudly censured for refusing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthisic a year after; and was so baited with incessant importunities, that I should have given my hand to Drone the stock jobber, had not the reduction of interest made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miscarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been prescribed me. Altis, an old maid, infused into me so much haughtiness and reserve, that some of my lovers withdrew themselves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away, by the demands of settlement which the widow Trapland directed me to make; and I have learned, by many experiments, that to ask advice is to lose opportunity.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

P E R D I T A.



---

Numb. 75. Tuesday, July 24, 1753.

---

— *Quid virtus & quid sapientia possit,*

*Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssum.*

Hor.

To shew what pious wisdom's pow'r can do,

The poet sets Ulysses in our view.

Francis.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our instructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than with the Odyssey of Homer. This absurd custom, which seems to arise from the supposed superiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make some reflections on the excellence of the latter; a task I am the more readily induced to undertake, as so little is performed in the dissertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's translation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confused, defective and dull. Those who receive all their opinions in criticism from custom and authority, and never dare to consult the decisions of reason and the voice of nature and truth, must not accuse me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyssey excels the Iliad in many respects; and that for several reasons young scholars should peruse it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extensively

useful than that of the Iliad ; which, indeed, by displaying the dire effects of discord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the Manual of Monarchs : whereas the patience, the prudence, the wisdom, the temperance and fortitude of Ulysses, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compass of courts and palaces, but descends and diffuses its influence over common life and daily practice. If the fairest examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotism be preferable to implacability, if an eager desire to return to one's country and family be more manly and noble than an eager desire to be revenged of an enemy, then should our eyes rather be fixed on Ulysses than Achilles. Unexperienced minds, too easily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and firmness to humanity. We do not behold the destroyers of peace and the murderers of mankind, with the detestation due to their crimes ; because we have been inured almost from our infancy to listen to the praises that have been wantonly lavished on them by the most exquisite poetry : ' The Muses,' to apply the words of an ancient Lyric, ' have concealed and decorated the bloody sword with wreaths of myrtle.' Let the Iliad be ever ranked at the head of human compositions for its spirit and

NO 75. THE ADVENTURER. 37

sublimity; but let not the milder, and perhaps, more insinuating and attractive beauties of the *Odyssey* be despised and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidst the rage of storms and tempests:

Ως δ' ὑπο λαλαπὶ πασα κελαίη βέλτε χέειν  
 Ηματ' οὐραίνῳ, οὔτε λαβρὸτατον χιεὶ ὕδωρ  
 Ζεὺς, οὔτ' ἴσ' ἀνδρῶσσι κατεσσεμένῳ χαλεπὴν.

*Iliad* XVI. 384.

And when in autumn Jove his fury powers,  
 And earth is loaden with incessant showers:  
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,  
 And opens all the flood gates of the skies.

Pope.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate, and calmly delightful:

— οὐτε ποτ' ὠμδρόμῳ,  
 Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ Ζηρυβοῖο λιγυρηνότας ἀρητας  
 Ωκείανός ἀνῆσιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνδρῶπων.

*Odyss.* IV. 566.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;  
 The fields are florid with unfading prime:  
 From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,  
 Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow:  
 But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale  
 The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

Pope.

VOL. III. † D

Accordingly, to distinguish the very different natures of these poems, it was anciently the practice of those who publicly recited them, to represent the Iliad, in allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scarlet; and the Odyssey, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure vestment.

The predominant passion of Ulysses being the love of his country, for the sake of which he even refuses immortality, the poet has taken every occasion to display it in the liveliest and most striking colours. The first time we behold the hero, we find him disconsolately sitting on the solitary shore, sighing to return to Ithaca, *Νόστον οδυρομεναν*, weeping incessantly, and still casting his eyes upon the sea.

*Πονίον επ' αλκυγιτον δερκισκετο δακρυα λυζων* 'While a  
' goddess,' says Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, 'by her power and her allurements detains him from Ithaca, he is dying  
' with desire to see even so much as the smoke  
' arise from his much-loved island: *tarda flunt ingrataque tempora!*' While the luxurious Phæacians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and music, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca: they had prepared a ship for him to set sail in the very next morning; and the thoughts of his approaching happiness having engrossed all his soul.



No. 75. THE ADVENTURER. 39

He sat, and ey'd the sun, and with'd the  
night,——

———Δη γὰρ μενεαίνε κίποθαι.

To represent his impatience more strongly, the poet adds a most expressive simile, suited to the simplicity of antient times: 'The setting of the sun,' says he, 'was as welcome and grateful to Ulysses, as it is to a well-laboured plowman, who earnestly waits for its decline, that he may return to his supper, *Ἀεργον ἐποιχίσθαι*, while his weary knees are painful to him as he walks along,'

———Βλαχέται δὴ τὰ γένητ' ἰόντι.

'Notwithstanding all the pleasures and endearments I received from Calypso, yet,' says our hero, 'I perpetually bedewed with my tears the garments which this immortal beauty gave to me.'

———Εἰματα δ' αἶψα

Ἀχρυσὶ δυνίσκον τὰ μοῖα μέρβρα δῶκε Κάλυψο.

We are presented in every page with fresh instances of this love of his country; and his whole behaviour convinces us,

Ὡς ἔδιν γλυκύν ἢ πατρὸς ἢ δὴ τοῦτο.

This generous sentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry!

Nor is the *Odyssey* less excellent and useful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domestic tenderneſſes,

——— and all the charities  
Of father, ſon, and brother———

Milton.

When Ulyſſes deſcends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he ſhould meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his firſt ſorrow and ſurprize, he eagerly inquires into the cauſes of her death, and adds, ‘ Doth  
‘ my father yet live? does my ſon poſſeſs my  
‘ dominions, or does he groan under the ty-  
‘ ranny of ſome uſurper who thinks I ſhall  
‘ never return? Is my wife ſtill conſtant to  
‘ my bed? or hath ſome noble Grecian mar-  
‘ ried her?’—Theſe queſtions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea an- ſwers, that ‘ ſhe herſelf died with grief for  
‘ the loſs of Ulyſſes; that Laertes languiſhes

‘ away life in solitude and sorrow for him ;  
 ‘ and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence, and sighs for his return.’

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amusements in his little garden, he informs him that he had seen his son in his travels, but now despairs of beholding him again. Upon this the sorrow of Laertes is inexpressible : Ulysses can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently,

I, I am he ! O father rise ! behold  
 Thy son ?—————

And the discovery of himself to Telemachus, in the sixteenth book, in a speech of short and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of universal benevolence, of charity, and of hospitality, that unknown and unpractised virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphasis and elegance than in any ancient philosopher, and I wish I could not add, than in any modern. Ulysses meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven ; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cherish the

stranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown master, who asks for his charity. 'It is not lawful for me,' says the *Διὸς Τροχέος*. 'I dare not despise any stranger or indigent man, even if he were much meaner than thou appearest to be; for the poor and strangers are sent to us by Jupiter!' Keep,' says Epictetus, 'continually in thy memory, what Eumeus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses.' I am sensible, that many superficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that passes at the lodge of Eumeus, as coarse and indelicate, and below the dignity of Epic poetry; but let them attend to the following observation of the greatest genius of their nation: 'Since it is delightful,' says Fenelon, 'to see in one of Titian's landscapes the goats climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of Tenier's pieces a country feast and rustic dances; it is no wonder, that we are pleased with such natural descriptions as we find in the *Odyssæy*. This simplicity of manners seems to recall the golden age. I am more pleased with honest Eumeus, than with the polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra.'

The moral precepts with which every page of the *Odyssæy* is pregnant, are equally noble. Plato's wish is here accomplished; for we be-



hold Virtue personally appearing to the sons of men, in her most awful and most alluring charms.

The remaining reasons why the *Odyſſey* is equal, if not ſuperior to the *Iliad*, and why it is a poem moſt peculiarly proper for the peruſal of youth, are; becauſe the great variety of events and ſcenes it contains, intereſt and engage the attention more than the *Iliad*; becauſe characters and images drawn from familiar life, are more uſeful to the generality of readers, and are alſo more difficult to be drawn; and becauſe the conduct of this poem, conſidered as the moſt perfect of *Epo-pees*, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The diſcuſſion of theſe beauties will make the ſubject of ſome enſuing paper.

Z

---

Numb. 76. Saturday, July 28. 1753.

---

*Duc me, Parens, celsique dominator poli,  
Quocunque placuit : nulla parendi mora est ;  
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle ; comitabor gemens,  
Malusque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.*

Seneca ex Cleanthe.

Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,  
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design !  
Active, I follow on, for should my will  
Resist, I'm impious, but must follow still.                      Harris.

**B**OZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain : he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that

Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence, but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. 'Can that God be benevolent,' he cried, 'who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowrets in the garden of Hope; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer.

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the ca-

vern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude; arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said, with a majestic smile, 'Follow me to the top of this mountain.'

'Look from hence,' said the awful conductor; 'I am Caloc, the Angel of Peace; Look from hence into the valley.'

Bozaldab opened his eyes, and beheld a barren, a sultry, a solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries, nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tygers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

'Inhabitant of heaven,' cried Bozaldab, 'suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.' 'Peace,' said the Angel, 'and observe.'



He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

‘Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised,’ exclaimed Bozaldab!—‘Look again,’ said the Angel, ‘and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors; Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now

‘ been taught not only to despise, but abhor ;  
 ‘ he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless ; he offered part of  
 ‘ them to the mariners, and perceived them to  
 ‘ be pernicious ; he has now learned, that  
 ‘ they are rendered useful or vain, good or  
 ‘ evil, only by the situation and temper of the  
 ‘ possessor. Happy is he whom distress has  
 ‘ taught wisdom ! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.’

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper ; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions ; on which sat Aforam, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

‘ Gracious ALLAH !—it is my son,’ cried the Caliph—‘ O let me hold him to my heart !’  
 ‘ Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,’ replied the Angel : ‘ I am now shewing thee  
 ‘ what would have been the destiny of thy  
 ‘ son, had he continued longer on the earth.’  
 ‘ And why,’ returned Bozaldab, ‘ was he not  
 ‘ permitted to continue ? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and  
 ‘ power ?’ ‘ Consider the sequel,’ replied he

that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

‘Happy,’ said Caloc, ‘is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.’

‘It is enough,’ cried Bozaldab; ‘I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed

‘as unfortunate and premature; a death of  
 ‘innocence and peace, which has blessed his  
 ‘memory upon earth, and transmitted his spi-  
 ‘rit to the skies!’

‘Cast away the dagger,’ replied the hea-  
 ‘venly messenger, ‘which thou wast prepa-  
 ‘ring to plunge into thine own heart. Ex-  
 ‘change complaint for silence, and doubt for  
 ‘adoration. Can a mortal look down, with-  
 ‘out giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast  
 ‘abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that  
 ‘sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any  
 ‘thing among an infinity of objects mutually  
 ‘relative? Can the channels, which thou com-  
 ‘mandest to be cut to receive the annual in-  
 ‘undations of the Nile, contain the waters of  
 ‘the Ocean? Remember, that perfect happi-  
 ‘ness cannot be conferred on a creature; for  
 ‘perfect happiness is an attribute as incommu-  
 ‘nicable as perfect power and eternity.’

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.



Numb. 77. Tuesday, July 31, 1753.

———*Peccare docentes*

*Fallax historias monet.*

Hor.

To tint th' attentive mind she tries  
With tales of exemplary vice.

To the ADVENTURER,  
S I R,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I shall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him, a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the com-

mon rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free-liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuse virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a fu-

ture: a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved: for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially, as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief

were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more so, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deist and an Atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suf-



fering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to 'adorn the doctrine which he professed to believe.'

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affec-

tion: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing——‘What stuff is  
 ‘all this,’ interrupted my uncle, ‘sentiments  
 ‘indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, for-  
 ‘sooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child,  
 ‘if you had less romance, conceit, and arro-  
 ‘gance, and more true discretion and pru-  
 ‘dence, it would do you more good than all  
 ‘the fine books you have confounded your  
 ‘poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps,  
 ‘ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a  
 ‘little against my conscience to accept my ho-  
 ‘nest friend’s kind offer, and give him such a  
 ‘pagan for his wife. But how know I whe-  
 ‘ther the believing husband may not convert  
 ‘the unbelieving wife?—As to your flighty  
 ‘objections, they are such nonsense, that I  
 ‘wonder you can suppose me fool enough to  
 ‘be deceived by them. No, child; wise as  
 ‘you are, you cannot impose upon a man who  
 ‘has lived as many years in the world as I  
 ‘have. I see your motive; you have some  
 ‘infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom  
 ‘you would go headlong to perdition. But  
 ‘I shall take care not to have your soul to an-  
 ‘swer for as well as your person. Either I  
 ‘shall dispose of you to an honest man that  
 ‘may convert you, or you shall dispose of your-  
 ‘self how you please for me; for I disclaim.

‘ all further care or trouble about you : so I  
 ‘ leave you to consider, whether or no the  
 ‘ kindness I have shewn you, entitles me to  
 ‘ some little influence over you, and whether  
 ‘ you chuse to seek protection where you can  
 ‘ find it, or accept of the happy lot providence  
 ‘ has cut out for you.’

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse ; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination ; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me ; yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle’s advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it : but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness ; and that those things which are generally esteemed



evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risques, rather than depart from this glorious principle: I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but look-



ing in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curt'sy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From

hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family-estate, and had lately married a lady of a great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of a man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: 'And what in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot: What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, because truly you were not in love! Surely one might have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it, pray, that marries the

' person of their choice? For my own part,  
 ' who have rather a better title to please my-  
 ' self with a good fifteen hundred a-year than  
 ' you who have not shilling, I found it would  
 ' not do, and that there was something more  
 ' to be sought after in a wife than a pretty  
 ' face or a genius? Do you think I cared  
 ' three farthings for the woman I married?  
 ' No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds  
 ' were worth having; with that I can pur-  
 ' chase a seraglio of beauties, and indulge my  
 ' taste in every kind of pleasure. And pray  
 ' what is it to me whether my wife has beau-  
 ' ty, or wit, or elegance, when her money  
 ' will supply me with all that in others? You,  
 ' cousin, had an opportunity of being as hap-  
 ' py as I am: the men, believe me, would not  
 ' like you a bit the worse for being married;  
 ' on the contrary, you will find, that for one  
 ' who took notice of you as a single woman,  
 ' twenty would be your admirers and humble  
 ' servants when there was no danger of being  
 ' taken in. Thus you might have gratified  
 ' all your passions, made an elegant figure in  
 ' life, and have chosen out some gentle swain,  
 ' as romantic and poetical as you pleased for  
 ' your Cecisbee. The good John Trot hus-  
 ' band would have been easily managed and,--  
 Here my indignation could be contained no  
 longer, and I was leaving the room in disdain



when he caught me by the hand—‘Nay, priest, my dear cousin, none of these violent airs. I thought you and I had known one another better. Let the poor souls, who are taught by the priests and their nurses to be afraid of hell-fire, and to think they shall go to the devil for following nature and making life agreeable, be as outrageously virtuous as they please; you have too much sense to be frightened at bugbears; you know that the term of your existence is but short; and it is highly reasonable to make it as pleasant as possible.’—I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but, bursting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a second opportunity of insulting my distress, and affronting my understanding: and so left his house with a resolution never to enter it again. Y

---

Numb. 78. Saturday, August 4. 1753.

---

—*Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

Juv.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I Went home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length I resolved to try, whether



indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months, so that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myself related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. ‘You are sensible, my dear Fidelia,’ said she, ‘that I never pretended to set my understanding in competition with yours. I knew my own inferiority; and though many of your notions and opinions appeared to me very strange and particular, I never attempted to

'dispute them with you. To be sure, you know  
 'best; but it seems to me a very odd conduct  
 'for one in your situation to give offence to so  
 'good an uncle; first by maintaining doctrines  
 'which may be very true, for ought I know,  
 'but which are very contrary to the received  
 'opinions we are brought up in, and therefore  
 'are apt to shock a common understanding;  
 'and secondly, to renounce his protection,  
 'and throw yourself into the wide world, ra-  
 'ther than marry the man he chose for you: to whom,  
 'after all, I do not find you had any real ob-  
 'jection, nor any antipathy for his person.'——

Antipathy, my dear! said I; are there not  
 many degrees between loving and honouring  
 a man preferably to all others, and beholding  
 him with abhorrence and aversion? The first  
 is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty  
 voluntarily taken upon herself, and engaged  
 in under the most solemn contract. As to the  
 difficulties that may attend my friendless, un-  
 provided state, since they are the consequences  
 of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils,  
 nor can they disturb that happiness which is  
 the gift of virtue. 'I am heartily glad,' an-  
 swered she, 'that you have found the art of  
 'making yourself happy by the force of imagi-  
 'nation! I wish your enthusiasm may conti-  
 'nue; and that you may still be further con-  
 'vinced, by your own experience, of the folly

No. 78. THE ADVENTURER.

‘ of mankind, in supposing poverty and distress  
‘ grace to be evils.’

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend’s judgment, by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I rose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to show every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to con-



ceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings; I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pride suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanings of my abode. To avoid this I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop-door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me



to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Free-love rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rage perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attrac-

ting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice, I scorned the thought of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me: yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He intreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted

him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which, ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship: that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers and protestations, that it was some time before I could recall my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to



my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected, that that consciousness would make me happy, but I found it otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freeloze. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of Virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or



a letter full of the most passionate protestations and intreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hand so unlike, that I was surprised into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house

was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment, and grief? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, tho' never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the King of Heaven want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth

the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strowed with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to chuse the first, and avoid the last. I sought



for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not; shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of Truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and liven without danger to the fires of temptation: when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Free-love at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: suffice it that I submit to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the



effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin: that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination; the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intollerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself.

---

Numb. 79. Tuesday, August 7. 1753.

---

*Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiis;  
 Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:  
 Responsum cupidinibus, contemnere honores  
 Fortis, et in seipso totus: teres atque rotundus,  
 Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari.* Hor.

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains  
 An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,  
 Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire,  
 Who boldly answers to his warm desire,  
 Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,  
 Firm in himself who on himself relies,  
 Polith'd and round who runs his proper course,  
 And breaks misfortune with superior force. Francis.

THIS was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him;

but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuse the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have slept at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and

distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my clothes, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair, returned together ! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind ; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. 'This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful ; poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected,



and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved ! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all !

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity : conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error should acquit me of guilt, let them remember it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward : whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, tho' he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. If there is a God, cried I, he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either

from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, asked what I was about to do ! At first I was fullen, and refused to answer him ; but by degrees the compassion he shewed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

‘ O Madam,’ said he, ‘ these are gracious signs, and unlike those which first drew my attention, and made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts which could make a face like your’s appear the picture of horror ! I was taking my morning walk, and have seen you a considerable time ; sometimes stopping and wringing your hands, sometimes quickening your pace, and sometimes walking slow with your eyes fixed on the ground, till you raised them to heaven, with looks not of supplication and piety, but

‘ rather of accusation and defiance. For pity  
 ‘ tell me how is it that you have quarrelled  
 ‘ with yourself, with life, nay even with Hea-  
 ‘ ven ? Recal your reason and your hope,  
 ‘ and let this seasonable prevention of your  
 ‘ fatal purpose be an earnest to you of good  
 ‘ things to come, of God’s mercy not  
 ‘ yet alined from you, and stooping from  
 ‘ his throne to save your soul from perdition.’

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man’s concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence ; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion

was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art, but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. ‘This poor lady,’ said he, ‘from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence, and hates her existence, for those evils which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better.’

‘Indeed, my dear Madam,’ said she, ‘that is the only advantage I have over you: but that indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the



'grave my only son, the survivor of eight  
 'children, who were all equally the objects of  
 'my fondest love. My heart is no less tender  
 'than your own, nor my affections less warm.  
 'For a whole year before the death of my last  
 'darling, I watched the fatal progress of his  
 'disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing  
 'pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil  
 'to which you could not submit, wanting to  
 'my trials. Though my husband is by his  
 'profession a gentleman, his income is so small,  
 'that I and my children have often wanted  
 'necessaries; and though I had always a  
 'weakly constitution, I have helped to support  
 'my family by the labour of my own hands.  
 'At this time I am consuming by daily tor-  
 'tures, with a cancer which must shortly be  
 'my death. My pains, perhaps, might be  
 'mitigated by proper assistance, though no-  
 'thing could preserve my life; but I have not  
 'the means to obtain that assistance.'——O

hold, interrupted I, my soul is shocked at the  
 enumeration of such intolerable sufferings.  
 How is it that you support them? Why do  
 not I see you in despair like mine, renounce  
 your existence, and put yourself out of the  
 reach of torment? But above all, tell me how  
 it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such  
 complicated misery, that appearance of cheer-  
 fulness and serene complacency which shines

so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?

‘That chearfulness and complacency,’ answered the good woman, ‘I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give.’ And whence, said I, do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death? She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. ‘See there,’ said she, ‘the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance, and support, from the Lord of Life, and here I am assured, that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?’

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her

whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher, or the proudest hero. No

torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of ecstasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the sacred writings, 'O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?'

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust: but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the world, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my out-



ward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for an endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of God; tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, 'Tho' vice is constantly attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot confer happiness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come.'

Y

I am, &amp;c.

FIDELIA.

---

Numb. 80. Saturday, August 11. 1753.

---

*Non defuit etiam quidam, qui studiosos ab hujusmodi libris deterreant, seu poetis, ut vocant, et ad morum integritatem efficientibus. Ego vero dignos cenfeo quos et omnibus in ludis prælegant adolescentia literatores, et sibi legant relegantque singulos.*

Erasmus.

There are not wanting persons so dull and insensible, as to deter students from reading books of this kind, which, they say, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals: but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the instructors of youth in their schools, but that the old and experienced should again and again peruse them.

**G**REATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are usually and justly reckoned the three principal sources of the pleasures that strike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the first species, yet the Odyssæy may boast a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vast variety of scenes perpetually shifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many sudden turns of fortune in this diversified poem, must more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a singular colour that unchangeably predomi-

nates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and disgust the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, presume to say with Voltaire, that among the greatest admirers of antiquity, there is scarce one to be found, who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerness and rapture, which a woman feels when she peruses the novel of Zayde; but will, however, venture to affirm, that the Speciosa Miracula of the Odyssey are better calculated to excite our curiosity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguished impatience to the catastrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundless exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied spirit and fire, *ακαταρτος*, has enabled Homer to diversify the descriptions of his battles with many circumstances of great variety: sometimes, by specifying the different characters, ages, professions, or nations, of his dying heroes; sometimes by describing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and sometimes by tender and pathetic strokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his son just murdered, of the desolate condition of the widows who will now be enslaved, and of the children that will be dashed against the stones. But notwithstanding this delicate art and address in the poet, the subject remains the same,

and from this sameness, it will, I fear, grow tedious and insipid to impartial readers : these small modifications and adjuncts are not sufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful : the battles are, indeed, nobly and variously painted, yet still they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulysses through the manifold perils he underwent by sea and land, and visit with him the strange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whose manners and customs are described in the most lively and picturesque terms ; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountered and escaped,

*Antiphates, Scyllanque, & cum Cyclope Charybdis ;*

Antiphates his hideous feast devour,  
Charybdis bark and Polyphemus roar : FRAN.

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe ; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war ; when, after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen ; when such objects as these are display-



ed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes, and persons, differ so widely from each other; then it is that poetry becomes 'a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,' and a feast of such an exalted nature, as to produce neither satiety nor disgust.

But besides its variety, the *Odyssey* is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of ancient manners, customs, laws, and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good-breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments, as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse. The coronation feast of an European monarch would not shine half so much in poetry, as the simple supper prepared for Ulysses at the Phaeacian court; the gardens of Alcinoüs are much fitter for description than those of Versailles; and Nausicaä, descending to the river, to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards

upon the banks with her fellow-virgins, like  
Diana amidst her nymphs,

Ῥίκα δ' ἀρίγνωτα πελάται, καλαὶ δὲ τε πάσαι,

Tho' all are fair, she shines above the rest,

is a far more graceful figure, than the most glittering lady in the drawing-room, with a complexion plaistered to repair the vigils of cards, and a shape violated by a stiff brocade and an immeasurable hoop. The compliment also which Ulysses pays to his innocent adorned beauty, especially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance, than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock: but the present modes of life must be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to say, patriarchal simplicity of manners displayed in the Odyssey,

is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to younger readers.

It seems to be a tenet universally received among common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domestic life, are not so difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion; and think the description of Andromachy parting with Hector in the *Iliad*, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father's helmet, and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcase of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Menelaus and Ajax: the Natural is as strong an evidence of true genius as the Sublime. It is in such images the *Odyssy* abounds; the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by

sea-monsters that gambled before their king: the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent critic hath produced in his treatise on the sublime. He justly commends the prayer of Ajax, who, when he was surrounded with a thick darkness that prevented the display of his prowess, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him; ‘and then,’ says he, ‘destroy me if thou wilt in the day light;’ *ἢ νύξ γὰρ καὶ οὐρανὸς*.

But surely the reflections which Ulysses makes to Amphinomus, the most virtuous of the suitors, concerning the misery and vanity of man, will be found to deserve equal commendations, if we consider their propriety, solemnity, and truth. Our hero, in the disguise of a beggar, had just been spurned at and ridiculed by the rest of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whose behaviour is finely contrasted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulysses says, ‘Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words I shall speak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the earth, the most weak and impotent is man. For he never thinks that evil shall be



at other season, while the gods  
 ' show on him strength and happiness. But  
 ' when the immortal Gods afflict him with ad-  
 ' versity, he bears it with unwillingness and re-  
 ' jecting. Such is the mind of the inhabitants  
 ' of earth, that it changes as Jupiter sends  
 ' happiness or misery. I once numbered my-  
 ' self among the happy, and elated with pro-  
 ' sperity and pride, and relying on my family  
 ' and friends, committed many acts of injus-  
 ' tice. But let no man be proud or unjust,  
 ' but receive whatever gifts the Gods bestow  
 ' on him with humility and silence.' I chose  
 to translate this sententious passage as literally  
 as possible, to preserve the air of its venerable  
 simplicity and striking solemnity. If we re-  
 collect the speaker, and the occasion of the  
 speech, we cannot fail of being deeply affec-  
 ted. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our  
 assent to the truth of the title which Alcida-  
 mus, according to Aristotle in his rhetoric,  
 bestows on the *Odyssey*; who calls it 'a beau-  
 ' tiful mirror of human life,' *καλὸν ἀνθρώπου βίην*  
*κατοπτρὸν.*

Homer, in the *Iliad*, resembles the river  
 Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deaf-  
 ens and astonishes the neighbouring inhabi-  
 tants. In the *Odyssey*, he is still like the  
 same Nile, when its genial inundations gently  
 diffuse fertility and fatness over the peaceful  
 plains of Egypt.

---

Numb. 81. Tuesday, August 14, 1753.

---

*Nil Desperandum.*

Hor.

Avaunt Despair.

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself; it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly: but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to inquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, nor likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendor of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and therefore, may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to

assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should therefore endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those, whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two cen-



turies ago by the appellation of the admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestable authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

‘Virtue,’ says Virgil, ‘is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form;’ the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St Andrew’s in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church, and fifty ministers, appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confessed, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years pas-

fed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excell: he

practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there

was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who, travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The Duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles and mount the stage against him. The Duke, with some reluctance, consented, and the day fixed the combatants appeared; their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly toward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.



The Duke of Mantu having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincenito di Gonzago, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their

encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

---

*Numb 82. Saturday, August 18. 1753.*

---

*Nunc scis quid sit Amor.*

Virg.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended, but secured; ‘The art of being Pretty.’

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness, or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities which no effort of human wit could ever bring into con-

tempt: it is, therefore, to be wished, at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon Sentiment and Manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect Beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike: and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examin-

ed without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with Sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not pe-



cular to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of Nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, Affectation; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid

by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax: so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a me-

chanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor; 'It is,' to use an eastern metaphor, 'like the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence:' if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be dissingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue

endangered, by the most fordid infidelity and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue; and that those who wish to be **Lovely**, must learn early to be **Good**.



---

Numb. 83. Tuesday, August 21, 1753.

---

*Illic enim debet toto animo a poeta in dissolutionem nodi, agi; eaque præcipua fabule pars est quæ requirit plurimam diligentiam.* Cicero.

The poet ought to exert his whole strength and spirit in the solution of his plot, which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmost diligence and care.

OF the three only perfect Epopees, which, in the compass of so many ages, human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and constitution of the *Odyssæy* seem to be the most artificial and judicious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of fables, the simple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry, is denominated simple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenour, without a recognition or discovery, and without a *Peripetie* or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a discovery and a *peripetie*. And this great critic, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excel those of the former, because they more deeply interest, and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprise and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the Oedipus of Sophocles, and the Iphigenia in Tauris and Alceſtes, of Euripides, to the Ajax, Philoctetes, and Medea of the ſame writers, and to the Prometheus of Eſchylus: becauſe theſe laſt are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and miſfortunes that befall the perſonages represented in theſe dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the ſame reaſons, the Athaliah of Racine, and the Merope's of Maſſi and Voltaire, are beyond compariſon the moſt affecting ſtories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the diſcoveries, that Joas is the king of Iſrael, and that Egipſus is the ſon of Merope, who had juſt ordered him to be murdered, are ſo unexpected, but yet ſo probable, that they may juſtly be eſteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place theſe two poems at the head of dramatic compositions.

The fable of the Odyſſey being complex, and containing a diſcovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is upon this ſingle conſideration, excluſive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much ſuperior to the fables of the Iliad and the Æneid, which are both ſimple, and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked

No. 83. THE ADVENTURER. 111

story of this poem, stript of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Aristotle in the following passage, which is almost literally translated.

‘ A man is for several years absent from his  
‘ home ; Neptune continually watches and  
‘ persecutes him ; his retinue being destroyed,  
‘ he remains alone : but while his estate is  
‘ wasting by the suitors of his wife, and his  
‘ son’s life is plotted against, he himself sud-  
‘ denly arrives after many storms at sea, dis-  
‘ covers himself to some of his friends, falls on  
‘ the suitors, establishes himself in safety, and  
‘ destroys his enemies. This is what is essen-  
‘ tial to the fable ; the episodes make up the  
‘ rest.’

From these observations on the nature of the fable of the *Odyssy* in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its Intrigue or Plot, and its Solution or Unravelling. The intrigue is formed by complication of different interests, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspense, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repose,

without expectation of any farther event. Both of these should arise naturally and easily out of the very essence and subject of the poem itself, should not be deduced from circumstances foreign and extrinſical, ſhould be at the ſame time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who reſented the puniſhment which Ulyſſes had inflicted upon his ſon Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempeſts; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the *Odyſſey* in the firſt part of the poem; that is, in plain proſe, ‘ what  
‘ more natural and uſual obſtacle do they en-  
‘ counter who take long voyages, than the  
‘ violence of winds and ſtorms?’ The plot of the ſecond part of the poem is founded on circumſtances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long abſence of a maſter, whoſe return was deſpaired of, the insolence of his ſervants, the dangers to which his wife and his ſon were expoſed, the ruin of his eſtate, and the diſorder of his kingdom.

The addreſs and art of Homer in the gradual ſolution of this plot, by the moſt probable and eaſy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applauſe. Ulyſſes is driven by a tempeſt to the iſland of the Phæacians, where he is generously and hoſpitably recei-



ved. During a banquet which Alcinous the King has prepared for him, the poet most artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus should sing the destruction of Troy. At the recital of his past labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now separated, our hero could no longer contain himself, but burst into tears and weeps bitterly. The curiosity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable sorrow, he intreats Ulysses to discover who he is, and what he has suffered; which request furnishes a most proper and probable occasion to the hero to relate a long series of adventures in the four following books, an occasion much more natural than that which induces *Æneas* to communicate his history to *Dido*. By this judicious conduct, *Homer* taught his successors the artful manner of entering abruptly into the midst of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumstances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people fond of strange and amusing tales, resolve to fit out a ship for the distressed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he has given them. When he arrives in *Ithaca*, his absence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog *Argus*: he then puts on a disguise, that he may be the better enabled to surprize and to

punish the riotous suitors, and to re-establish the tranquility of his kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulysses is frequently on the point of being discovered, particularly when he engages in the shooting-match with the suitors, and when he enters into conversation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and personates a fictitious character; but he is still judiciously disappointed, and the suspense is kept up as long as possible. And at last, when his nurse Euriclea discovers him by the scar in his thigh, it is a circumstance so simple and so natural, that notwithstanding Aristotle places these recognitions, by Signs and Tokens, below those that are affected by Reasoning, as in the Oedipus and Iphigenia; yet ought it ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this striking method of unraveling a fable, by a discovery and a peripetie, was manifestly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope lest Ulysses was not in reality her husband, and the tenderness and endearments that ensue upon her conviction that he is, render the surprize and satisfaction of the reader compleat.

Upon the whole, the *Odyssy* is a poem that exhibits the finest lessons of morality, the most entertaining variety of scenes and events, the most lively and natural pictures of civil and domestic life, the truest representation of the

manners and customs of antiquity, and the juilest pattern of a legitimate Epopee: and is, therefore, peculiarly useful to those, who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

Z

---

Numb. 84. Saturday, August 25. 1753.

---

———*Tolle periculum.*

*Jam vaga proficet frens natura remotis.*

Hor,

But take the danger and the shame away,  
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey.

Francis.

To the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

IT has been observed, I think, by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

That this position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few: and in life, as in every thing

else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced, that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage-coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such ex-



traordinary assembly, as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a stage-coach, the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should therefore imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable, that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for con-

versation : but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first to propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet furtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looking on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger : This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture ; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away ; we continued all obdurate ; the ladies held up their heads ; I amused myself with watching their behaviour ; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to shew that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune, and beat time upon his snuff box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast ; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence,

by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us; that all fellow travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. ‘I remember,’ says he, ‘it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we are all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper the duke, and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady.’

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative

must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark ‘the inconveniences of travelling, ‘and the difficulty which they who never sat ‘at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves ‘such offices as the road required; but that ‘people of quality often travelled in disguise, ‘and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor innkeepers, and the allowance which they made ‘for any defect in their entertainment; that ‘for her part, while people were civil and ‘meant well, it was never her custom to find ‘fault, for one was not to expect upon a ‘journey all that one enjoyed at one’s own ‘house.’

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last news-paper; and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness, ‘It is impossible,’ says he, ‘for any man ‘to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: ‘last week it was the general opinion that ‘they would fall; and I sold out twenty ‘thousand pounds in order to a purchase: ‘they have now risen unexpectedly; and I ‘make no doubt, but at my return to London ‘I shall risk thirty thousand pounds amongst ‘them again.’



A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that ‘he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part, he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles upon which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country.’

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other: yet it happened, that none of these hints made much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest; all continued their haughtiness, in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour

more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days without malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the fauineness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end, and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely on the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event shewed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage

could have been obtained ; of assuming a character, which was to end with the day ; and of claiming upon false pretences honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others ; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and All must be shewn to All in their real state.

T

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

VIATOR.

---

Numb. 85. Tuesday, August 28. 1753.

---

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit fecitque puer.*

Hor.

The youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,  
All arts must try, and every toil sustain. Francis.

IT is observed by Bacon, that 'reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man.'

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success.

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall therefore venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not



how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance: and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to instruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of undigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others: of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know.

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely, they may allow themselves

to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of these whom Providence has qualified to make any addition to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

" Perſius has juſtly obſerved, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to poſſeſs it: to the ſcholar himſelf it is nothing with reſpect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward thoſe qualities which are concealed from it; with reſpect to others it is nothing becauſe it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with juſtice, therefore, that in an accompliſhed character, Horace unites juſt ſentiments with the power of expreſſing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to conſider, how he ſhall moſt widely diſſuſe and moſt agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by converſation. He that buries himſelf among his manuſcripts 'beſprent,' as Pope expreſſes it, 'with learned duſt,' and wears out his days and nights in perpetual reſearch and ſolitary meditation, is too apt to loſe in his elocution what he adds to his wiſdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his ſpeculations, of adapting himſelf to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of converſation will preſent; but will talk ſo moſt unintelligibly, and to all unpleaſantly.

I was once preſent at the lectures of a pro-

found philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *Opacum* and *Pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *Opacum* was, as one might say *Opake*, and that *Pellucidum* signified *Pellucid*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chymistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse, as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints, and obscure allusions, would produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a reclusive life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof;



indulges it long without suspicion, and in times unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men, who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harrassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprize impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently in these extempore controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the a-

cute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the re-  
cluse usually fails him: nothing but long ha-  
bit and frequent experiments can confer the  
power of changing a position into various  
forms, presenting it in different points of view,  
connecting it with known and granted truths,  
fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and  
illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, there-  
fore, that has collected his knowledge in so-  
litude, must learn its application by mixing  
with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of con-  
versation invite us to try every mode of argu-  
ment, and every art of recommending our  
sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the  
use of such as are not in themselves strictly  
defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager  
of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or  
ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of con-  
cessions to which he knows he has no right,  
and urges proofs likely to prevail on his op-  
ponent, though he knows himself that they  
have no force: thus the severity of reason is  
relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but  
without just arrangement or distinction; we

learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocinations as silence others; and seldom recal to a close examination, that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and fecility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms and keep it on guard against the fallacies which it practises on others: in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable.

to have Perfection in our eye ; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

T

---

Numb. 86. Saturday, Sept. 1, 1753.

---

*Concubitu prohibere vago.*—

Hor.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress.

Francis.

To the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

**T**O indulge that restless impatience which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which without farther apology or introduction may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar-school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my man-



ners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices : I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong ; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry ; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with queen Ann, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure ; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private : instead, therefore, of encumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly fre-

quented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and, therefore, made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months she found herself with child, a

discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination: though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she intreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country: she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that his pay, which she had been empowered to receive by his

will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify; my visits, therefore, became less frequent: but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness when she saw me again.

After the first year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some inquiry after her; and soon learnt that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this ac-



count, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched: and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling in some degree the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birth-day with some friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney-coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill-repute, tho' it was private, and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely

beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person: I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unpeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprize and concern; she inquired with an officious solicitude, what sudden illness had seized me; she

took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid : but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every



day more frequent and more strong. I propose to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that tho' for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardor of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! and yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance: but I want words. Farewell.

Agamus.



Numb. 87. Tuesday, September 4, 1753.

*Iracundior est paulo : minus aptus oculis  
Naribus horum hominum ; rideri possit, eo quod  
Restitutus tonso toga defuit, et male latus  
In pedeculceus heret :—at ingenium ingens  
Inculte latet hoc sub corpore——*

Hor.

Your friend is passionate : perhaps unfit  
For the brisk petulance of modern wit :  
His air ill cut, his robe that awkward flows,  
Or his large shoes, to raillery expose  
The man.——

But underneath this rough and outh disguise,  
A genius of extensive knowledge lyes.

Francis.

**T**HERE are many accomplishments, which though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy, which is called Good Breeding ; a name by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

Good Breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other ; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestible superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be re-

garded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those, with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good-breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good-breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents: and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, Dante Aligheri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which

was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners, and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchees, one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and said, 'I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should yet be so generally pleasing, and so generally beloved: when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are yet heard without pleasure, and commended without friendship.' 'You would cease to wonder,' replied Dante, 'if you considered, that a conformity of character is the source of friendship.' This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intollerable; and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not



the still voice of Reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good-breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover; the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at Whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge, or Bath, a description of Lady Fanny's jewels and Lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game-act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always chuse to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for per-



verted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good-breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He, who does not practise good-breeding, will not find himself considered as the object of good-breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill-breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an obtruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout, and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those, who daily consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excuseable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars

are so frequently subject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, 'Yes,' replied Boileau, in the presence of Madam Maintenon, 'he performed tolerably well in the \* despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now \* deservedly forgotten even in the provinces.'

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life; for as no man should be Well-bred, at the expence of his Virtue; no man should practise virtue, so as to deter others from Imitation.

---

Numb. 88. Saturday, Sept. 8. 1753.

---

———*Semperque relinqui*  
*Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur*  
*Ire viam*———

Virg.

———She seems alone,  
 To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,  
 Guileless and dark.———

Dryden.

NEWTON, whose power of investigating nature few will deny to have been superior to their own, confesses, that he cannot account for gravity, the first principle of his system, as a property communicable to matter; to conceive the phenomena supposed to be the effects of such a principle, to be otherwise produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the Almighty: and, perhaps, those who most attentively consider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be most inclined to admit the agency of invisible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly passive; for dreams are so far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we shall dream, nor whether we shall dream at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to such an effect; for

the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of sensible objects, are much more perfect and strong than can be formed at other times by the utmost effort of the most lively imagination; and it can scarce be supposed, that the mind is more vigorous when we sleep, than when we are awake; especially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that  
 • in sleep the power of memory is wholly suspended, and the understanding is employed  
 • only about such objects as present themselves,  
 • without comparing the past with the present;’ except we judge of the soul by a maxim which some deep philosophers have held concerning horses, that, when the tail is cut off, the rest of the members become more strong.

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite; and which the force of imagination, exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form; but the mind of the lunatic, besides being impressed by the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his senses, is prevented from receiving corresponding images from those that do. When the visionary monarch looks round upon his cloathes which he has decorated with the spoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and straw, but of velvet embroidery, and gold; and when he ga-



zes at the bounds of his cell, the image impressed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloses an area of ten feet square ; but of wainscot, and painting, and tapestry, the bounds of a spacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crowded with splendid dependents.

Of the lunatic it is also universally true, that his understanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perversion of the understanding does not necessarily imply ; he either sits torpid in despair, or is busied in the contrivance or the execution of mischief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material causes, it is difficult to shew, why misery or malevolence should always be complicated with absurdity ; why madness should not sometimes produce instances of frantic and extravagant kindness, of a benevolent purpose formed upon erroneous principles and pursued by ridiculous means, and of an honest and harmless cheerfulness arising from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic is indeed sometimes merry, but the merry lunatic is never kind ; his sport is always mischief ; and mischief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonness ; his disposition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy ; and upon this occasion it may be remarked, that if every approach to mad-

ness is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be considered as an approach to madness.

Among other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy, is the invincible absurdity of opinion with respect to some single object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other: it sometimes happens, that when this object is presented to the mind, reason is thrown quite out of her seat, and the perversion of the understanding for a time becomes general; but sometimes it still continues to be perverted but in part, and the absurdity itself is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A most extraordinary instance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cause which he successfully maintained.

Mr Simon Browne, a dissenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been some time seized with melancholy, desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expressed the utmost grief and astonishment; and after much importunity he told them, 'that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure

‘ of God, who had caused his rational soul  
‘ gradually to perish, and left him only an a-  
‘ nimal life in common with brutes ; that it  
‘ was therefore profane for him to pray, and  
‘ incongruous to be present at the prayers of  
‘ others.’

In this opinion, however absurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind subsisted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reasoning strong.

Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he excused himself many times ; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and after some irresolute gestures and hesitations, expressed with great fervour this ejaculation, ‘ Most merciful and Almighty God, let thy spirit, which  
‘ moved upon the face of the waters when  
‘ there was no light, descend upon me ; that  
‘ from this darkness there may rise up a man  
‘ to praise thee !

But the most astonishing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect, is, ‘ A defence of the Religion of Nature and the  
‘ Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal’s  
‘ Christianity as old as the Creation,’ and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is universally allowed to be the best which that



controversy produced, and the dedication is as follows :

‘ Madam,

‘ **O**F all the extraordinary things that have  
 ‘ been tendered to your royal hand since  
 ‘ your first happy arrival in Britain, it may  
 ‘ be boldly said, what now bespeaks your Ma-  
 ‘ jesty’s acceptance is the chief.

‘ Not in itself indeed ; it is a trifle unwor-  
 ‘ thy your exalted rank, and what will hardly  
 ‘ prove an entertaining amusement to one of  
 ‘ your Majesty’s deep penetration, exact judge-  
 ‘ ment, and fine taste.

‘ But on account of the author, who is the  
 ‘ first being of the kind, and yet without a  
 ‘ name.

‘ He was once a man ; and of some little  
 ‘ name ; but of no worth, as his present un-  
 ‘ paralleled case makes but too manifest ; for  
 ‘ by the immediate hand of an avenging God,  
 ‘ his very thinking substance has for more than  
 ‘ seven years been continually wasting away,  
 ‘ till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be  
 ‘ not utterly come to nothing. None, no not  
 ‘ the least remembrance of its very ruins, re-  
 ‘ mains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor  
 ‘ any sense that, so much as one single one,  
 ‘ perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished,  
 ‘ ever did appear to a mind within him, or  
 ‘ was perceived by it.



‘ Such a present from such a thing, how-  
 ‘ ever worthless in itself, may not be wholly  
 ‘ unacceptable to your Majesty, the author be-  
 ‘ ing such as history cannot parallel: and if  
 ‘ the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor  
 ‘ wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be re-  
 ‘ corded as the most memorable, and indeed  
 ‘ astonishing event in the reign of George the  
 ‘ second, that a tract composed by such a thing  
 ‘ was presented to the illustrious Caroline; his  
 ‘ royal consort need not be added; fame, if I  
 ‘ am not misinformed, will tell that with plea-  
 ‘ sure to all succeeding times.

‘ He has been informed, that your Majesty’s  
 ‘ piety is as genuine and eminent, as your ex-  
 ‘ cellent qualities are great and conspicuous.  
 ‘ This can, indeed, be truly known to the  
 ‘ great searcher of hearts only; He alone,  
 ‘ who can look into them, can discern if they  
 ‘ are sincere, and the main intention corre-  
 ‘ sponds with the appearance; and your Ma-  
 ‘ jesty cannot take it amiss, if such an author  
 ‘ hints, that His secret approbation is of in-  
 ‘ finitely greater value than the commenda-  
 ‘ tion of men, who may be easily mistaken,  
 ‘ and are too apt to flatter their superiors.

‘ But if he has been told the truth, such  
 ‘ a case as his will certainly strike your Maje-  
 ‘ sty with astonishment, and may raise that  
 ‘ commiseration in your royal breast which he

‘ has in vain endeavoured to excite in those  
 ‘ of his friends ; who, by the most unreason-  
 ‘ able and ill-founded conceit of the world,  
 ‘ have imagined, that a thinking being could  
 ‘ for seven years together live a stranger to  
 ‘ its own powers, exercises, operations and  
 ‘ state, and to what the great God has been  
 ‘ doing in it and to it.

‘ If your Majesty, in your most retired ad-  
 ‘ dress to the King of Kings, should think of  
 ‘ so singular a case, you may, perhaps, make  
 ‘ it your devout request, that the reign of your  
 ‘ beloved sovereign and consort may be re-  
 ‘ newed to all posterity by the recovery of a  
 ‘ soul now in the utmost ruin, the restora-  
 ‘ tion of one utterly lost at present amongst  
 ‘ men.

‘ And should this case affect your royal  
 ‘ breast, you will recommend it to the piety  
 ‘ and prayers of all the truly devout, who  
 ‘ have the honour to be known to your Ma-  
 ‘ jesty ; many such doubtless there are ; tho’  
 ‘ courts are not usually the places where the  
 ‘ devout resort, or where devotion reigns.  
 ‘ And it is not improbable, that multitudes of  
 ‘ the pious throughout the land may take a case  
 ‘ to heart, that under your Majesty’s patron-  
 ‘ age comes thus recommended.

‘ Could such a favour as this restoration be  
 ‘ obtained from Heaven by the prayers of

‘ your Majesty, with what a transport of gratitude would the recovered being throw himself at your Majesty’s feet, and adoring the Divine Power and Grace, profess himself,

‘ Madam,

‘ Your Majesty’s most obliged  
and dutiful servant.’

This dedication, which is no where feeble or absurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to suppress; wisely considering, that a book, to which it should be prefixed, would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required stronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad. The copy, however, was preserved, and has been transcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not less distinguished by his merit than by his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curiosity, which was in danger of being lost for want of a repository in which it might be preserved.

---

Numb. 89. Tuesday, Sept. 11. 1753.

---

*Præcipua tamen ejus in commendanda miseratione virtus, ut  
videtur in hac eam parte omnibus ejusdem operis autibus  
preferant.*  
 Quint.

His great excellence was in moving compassion, with  
respect to which, many give him the first place of all the  
writers of that kind.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

S I R,

IT is usual for scholars to lament, with in-  
discriminating regret, the devastations com-  
mitted on ancient libraries, by accident and  
time, by superstition, ignorance, and gothi-  
cism: but the loss is very far from being in all  
cases equally irreparable, as the want of some  
kinds of books may be much more easily supplied  
than that of others. By the interruption that  
sometimes happens in the succession of philoso-  
phical opinions, the mind is emancipated from  
all traditionary systems, recovers its native e-  
lasticity which had benumbed by custom, be-  
gins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour,  
and to follow truth instead of authority. The  
loss of writings, therefore, in which reasoning  
is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil  
to mankind, as of those which describe cha-  
racters and facts.



To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the satires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and the physics of Aristotle had never descended to posterity.

Two of your predecessors, Mr Adventurer, of great judgment and genius, very justly thought that they should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the goddess Health: and indeed, I conceive it to be a very important use of your paper, to bring into common light those beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their present situation are deprived of that universal admiration they so justly deserve, and are only the secret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation therefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you, for the instruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the sweetness, correctness, and purity of his style, and his irresistible skill in moving the passions. It is a sufficient panegyric, that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers who excel 'in a smooth volubility, and

‘flow on, like plenteous and perennial rivers,  
 ‘in the course of even and uninterrupted har-  
 ‘mony.’

It is to this excellent critic that we are in-  
 debted for the preservation of the following  
 passage, the tenderness and elegance of which  
 scarcely need be pointed out to those who  
 have taste and sensibility. Danae, being by  
 her merciless father inclosed in a chest, and  
 thrown into the sea with her child, the poet  
 proceeds thus to relate her distress :

Οτε λαρνακι εν δαιδαλιῳ ανιμῷ  
 Βριση πνεων, κινηθισα δε λιμνα  
 Διματι ριπιεν υτ αδιανταισι  
 Περικαις, αμχι τε Περσει βαλλει  
 Φιλαν χειρα ειπιν τε——Ω ιτηνον,  
 Οιον εχω, παιον, συ δ αυτε γαλαθηνω  
 Ητορι κνωστις εν ατσεπι δωματι,  
 Χαλχιχομοτω δε, νυκτιλαμπει,  
 Κυανω τε δνοφα· συ δ, αυαλιαν  
 Τπερθε τεαν κομαν βαθειαν  
 Περιοντος κυματῷ νη αλεγει  
 Ουδ ανιμω φθογων, πορθυρια  
 Κειμινος εν χλανιδι, προσωπον καλον,  
 Ει δε τοι δεινον το γε δεινον ην,  
 Και κεν εμων ρημάτων λεπτου  
 Ττιχης αυς. Ειλομαι ευδε βριζῷ  
 Ευδωτα δε πολλε, νυδωτα αμεινον κακον.

When the raging wind began to rore, and  
 the waves to beat so violently on the chest as  
 to threaten to overset it, she threw her arm

fondly round Perseus, and said, the tears  
 trickling down her cheeks, 'O my son, what  
 ' sorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapt  
 ' in a deep slumber; thou sleepest soundly like  
 ' a sucking child, in this joyless habitation, in  
 ' this dark and dreadful night, lighted only  
 ' by the glimmerings of the moon! Covered  
 ' with thy purple mantle, thou regardedst not  
 ' the waves that dash around thee, nor the  
 ' whistling of the winds. O thou beautiful  
 ' babe! If thou wert sensible of this calamity,  
 ' thou wouldest bend thy tender ears to my  
 ' complaints. Sleep on, I beseech thee, O my  
 ' child! Sleep with him, O ye billows! and  
 ' sleep likewise, my distress!

Those who would form a full idea of the  
 delicacy of the Greeks, should attentively con-  
 sider the following happy imitation of it, which  
 I have reason to believe, is not so extensive-  
 ly known or so warmly admired as it ought  
 to be; and which, indeed, far excels the ori-  
 ginal.

The poet having pathetically painted a  
 great princess taking leave of an affectionate  
 husband on his death-bed, and endeavouring  
 afterwards to comfort her inconsolable family,  
 adds the following particular:

*His conatibus occupata ocellis  
 Gattis lacidulis adhuc madentes*

Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum  
 Qua nutrix placido sinu fovebat :  
 ' Dormis,' inquit, ' O miselle, nec te  
 ' Vultus exanimis. silentiumque  
 ' Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo  
 ' Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore ;  
 ' Nec sentis patre destitutus illo,  
 ' Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,  
 ' Aut formans lepidam tuam loqualem,  
 ' Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.  
 ' Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant  
 ' Ritus, in roseis tuis labellis ———  
 ' Dormi, parvule ! nec mali dolores  
 ' Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis  
 ' Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando, tales  
 ' Red.bunt oculis mei sopores ?'

The contrast betwixt the insensibility of the infant and the agony of the mother ; her observing that the child is unmoved with what was most likely to affect him, the sorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the dismal silence that reigned throughout the court ; the circumstances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to speak ; are such delicate master-strokes of nature and parental tenderness, as shew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with those little touches of passion that



are best calculated to move it. The affectionate wish of 'dormi parvule!' is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the sudden exclamation that follows,---'when 'O when, shall I sleep like this infant!' is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by any of the ancients. It is making the most artful and the most striking use of the slumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by comparison the restlessness of the mother's sorrow; it is the finest and strongest way of saying, 'my grief 'will never cease,' that has ever been used. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by using their expressions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their spirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new subjects. The generality of those who have proposed *Catullus* for their pattern, even the best of the modern Latin poets of Italy, seem to think they have accomplished their design, by introducing many florid diminutives, such as, "te-  
"nellula, and columbula:" but there is a purity and severity of style, a temperate and austere manner in *Catullus*, which nearly resem-

bles that of his cotemporary *Lucretius*, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced these reflections. Whenever, therefore, we sit down to compose, we should ask ourselves in the words of *Longinus* a little altered; "How would *Homer* or *Plato*, "*Demosthenes* or *Thucydides*, have expressed themselves on this occasion; allowing for the alteration of our customs, and the different idioms of our respective languages?" This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footsteps; this would be making the same glorious use of them that *Racine* has done of *Euripides* in his *Phædra* and *Iphigenia*, and that *Milton* has done of the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus* in the character of *Satan*.

If you should happen not to lay aside this paper among the refuse of your correspondence, as the offspring of pedantry and a blind fondness for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the sight of so much Greek, though ever so *Attic*; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of *Menander*.

Z

I am,

MR ADVENTURER,

Yours,

PALÆOPHILUS.

---

Numb. 90. Saturday, September 15. 1753.

---

*Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit  
Ætherium sensum, atque auræ simplicis ignem.*

Virg.

———By length of time,  
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;  
No speck is left of their habitual stains,  
But the pure æther of the soul remains,

Dryden.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

S I R,

NOTHING sooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading those passages of the greatest writers, in which they seem deprived of that noble spirit that inspires them in other parts; and where, instead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatness and insipidity.

The pain I have felt in observing a lofty genius thus sink beneath itself, has often made me wish, that these unworthy stains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of these thoughts, and closed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in *Virgil*. I accidentally opened that part of the sixth

book, where *Archibut* recounts to his son the various methods of purgation which the soul undergoes in the next world, to cleanse it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure ethereal essence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was so much like my evening's speculation, that it insensibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as soon as I fell asleep, formed itself into the following dream:

I found myself in an instant in the midst of a temple which was built with all that magnificent simplicity that distinguishes the productions of the ancients. At the east end was raised an altar, on each side of which stood a priest, who seemed preparing to sacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which arose the brightest flame I had ever beheld. The light which it dispensed, though remarkably strong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but steady and uniform, and diffused a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the first appearance of the morning.

While I stood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blast of a trumpet that shook the whole temple: but it carried a certain sweetness in its sound, which mellowed and tempered the natural shrillness of that instrument. After it had sounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited accord-



ing to the description of Fame by the ancients, issued a proclamation to the following purpose: 'By command of Apollo and the Muses, all who have ever made any pretensions to fame by their writings, are enjoined to sacrifice upon the altar in this temple, those parts of their works, which have hitherto been preserved to their infamy, that their names may descend spotless and unsullied to posterity. For this purpose Aristotle and Longinus are appointed chief priests, who are to see that no improper oblations are made, and no proper ones concealed; and for the more easy performance of this office, they are allowed to chuse as their assistants whomsoever they shall think worthy of the function.'

As soon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpressible delight towards the two priests; but was soon robbed of the pleasure of looking at them by a croud of people running up to offer their service. These I found to be a groupe of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both priests with the utmost indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the altar, and reduced to ashes in an instant. The two priests then looked round, and chose, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addison from the English, as their principal assistants.

The first who came forward with his offering, by the loftiness of his demeanor was soon discovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majesty, and delivered to Longinus those parts of his *Odyssæy*, which have been censured as improbable fictions, and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the sacrifice, but observing that Aristotle did not seem willing to assist him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, saying, that ‘they were indeed the tales of old age, but it was the old age of Homer.’

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modest dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himself; and to the surprize of all committed his whole *Æneid* to the flames. But it was immediately rescued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from destruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boast of about forty lines at the beginning of the third *Georgic*:

———*Tentanda via est; qua me quoque pessim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora,  
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.*

After him most of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and surren-

dered with great modesty and humility the most faulty part of their works. One circumstance was observable, that the sacrifice always increased in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who seemed almost to have lost sight of him, made so large offerings, that some of their works, which were before very voluminous, shrank into the compass of a primer.

It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falsehood, Poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Sense, and Truth.

I marked with particular attention the several offerings of the most eminent English writers. Chaucer gave up his obscenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbish that encumbered them. Dryden executed his task with great address, 'and,' as Addison says of Virgil in his Georgics, 'tossed about his dung with an air of 'gracefulness:' he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thousand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himself, and delivered up a large paquet, which contained many plays, and some poems. The paquet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inscription, 'To Poverty.'



Shakespeare carried to the altar a long string of puns, marked 'The taste of the Age,' a small parcel of Bombast, and a pretty large bundle of Incorrectness. Notwithstanding the ingenious air with which he made this offering, some officiates at the altar accused him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, the Yorkshire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, 'that as those pieces were unworthy to be preserved, he should see them consumed to ashes with great pleasure: but that he was wholly innocent of their original.' The two chief priests interposed in this dispute, and dismissed the poet with many compliments; Longinus observing, that the pieces in question could not possibly be his, for that the failings of Shakespeare were like those of Homer, 'whose genius, whenever it subsided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon its shores, to shew to what a height it was sometimes carried.' Aristotle concurred in this opinion, and added, 'that although Shakespeare was quite ignorant of that exact œconomy of the stage, which is so remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere strength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them.'

Milton gave up a few errors in his Paradise



Lost, and the sacrifice was attended with great decency by Addison. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two last acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom Dursley, Etheridge, Wycherley, and several other dramatic writers, who made such large contributions, that they set the altar in a blaze.

Among these I was surprised to see an author, with much politeness in his behaviour, and spirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached I discovered him to be Sir John Vanbrugh, and could not but smile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be 'his skill in Architecture.'

Pope advanced towards Addison, and delivered with great humility those lines written expressly against him, so remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet;

'Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,  
'That tends to make one worthy man my  
'foe.'

The ingenious critic insisted on his taking them again: 'for,' said he, 'my associates at the altar, particularly Horace, would never permit a line of so excellent a satirist to be con-

‘fumed. The many compliments paid me in  
 ‘other parts of your works, amply compen-  
 ‘sate for this slight indignity. And be assu-  
 ‘red, that no little pique or misunderstanding  
 ‘shall ever make me a foe to genius.’ Pope  
 bowed in some confusion, and promised to  
 substitute a fictitious name at least, which was  
 all that was left in his power. He then re-  
 tired, after having made a sacrifice of a little  
 packet of Antitheses, and some parts of his  
 translation of Homer.

During the course of these oblations, I was  
 charmed with the candour, decency, and judg-  
 ment, with which all the priests discharged  
 their different functions. They behaved with  
 such dignity, that it reminded me of those  
 ages, when the offices of king and priest cen-  
 tered in the same person. Whenever any of  
 the assistants were at a loss in any particular  
 circumstances, they applied to Aristotle, who  
 settled the whole business in an instant.

But the reflections which this pleasing scene  
 produced, were soon interrupted by a tumultu-  
 ous noise at a gate of the temple; when sud-  
 denly a rude illiterate multitude rushed in, led  
 by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke.  
 The chiefs, whose countenances were impres-  
 sed with rage which art could not conceal,  
 forced their way to the altar, and amidst the  
 joyful acclamations of their followers threw a

large volume into the fire. But the triumph was short, and joy and acclamation gave way to silence and astonishment: the volume lay unhurt in the midst of the fire, and, as the flames played innocently about it, I could discover written in letters of gold, the words, THE BIBLE. At that instant my ears were ravished with the sound of more than mortal music accompanying a hymn sung by invisible beings, of which I well remember the following verses:

‘The words of the LORD are pure words:  
‘even as the silver, which in the earth is tried,  
‘and purified seven times in the fire.

‘More to be desired are they than fine gold;  
‘yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than  
‘honey, and the honey-comb.’

The united melody of instruments and voices, which formed a concert so exquisite, that, as Milton says, ‘it might create a soul under the ribs of death,’ threw me into such ecstasies, that I was awakened by their violence.

&

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

CRITO.

---

Numb. 91. Tuesday, Sept. 18. 1753.

---

— *Pater pius et sceleratus eodem.*

Ovid.

Thus was the father pious to a crime. Addison.

**I**T is contended by those who reject Christianity, that if revelation had been necessary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been universal; and they are, upon this principle, compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life which is universally known.

But no rule of life is universally known, except the dictates of conscience. With respect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conscience approves or disapproves, in consequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falsehood. Nor can the errors of conscience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry: those, by whom a system of moral truths was discovered through the gloom of Paganism, have been considered as prodigies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment and admiration; and that which immortalized one among many millions, can scarce be thought possible to all. Men do not usually shut their eyes against their immediate interest, however they might be thought to wink against their duty; and so little does ci-



ther appear to be discoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Prescription has either been with-held or corrupted, superstition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent, they might still have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne; for Yamodin had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

Yamodin considered himself not less the father of his people than of Tamira; and, therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: 'From thee,' said he, I have 'derived my being, and the life which I have

‘propagated is thing: when I am about to  
 ‘restore it, let me remember with gratitude,  
 ‘that I possessed it by thy bounty; and let  
 ‘thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my peo-  
 ‘ple.’

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her father’s pleasure without much surprize; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped the demand of her life would have been delayed so long: she fortified herself against the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment, and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had like her’s overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness, told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her fa-

ther, though for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, thro' whom he hoped to transmit dominion to his posterity.

To this proposal Tamira, whose attachment to life was now strengthened by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confusion which are produced by a consciousness of guilt: and the prince himself introduced the man who was to accomplish the purpose both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. *Tamodin* stood some moments in suspense; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. "The gods," said he, "though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy rescued my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing in



“ competition with the indulgence of his lust, “ his avarice, or his ambition.” *Tamodin* then commanded him to be put to death, and the sentence was executed the same hour.

*Tamira* now repented in inutterable distress of a crime, by which the pleasures not only of possession but hope were precluded ; her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it ; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a princess only she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented : their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident, that *Tamodin* discerned no law which would have justified the preservation of his daughter ; and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he had less power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than *Plato* ; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of *Tamodin* which would have produced such sacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong ; that the consent of *Tamira* to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic



virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it : for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itself considered abstractedly ; for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that *Revelation* is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears, not to co-incide with the *Divine Law*, but to oppose it ; to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden : but to this question the answer is easy.

The end which Conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means : the end which *Yamodin* proposed, was deliverance from a pestilence ; but he did not, nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice : and the end which conscience condemns is always ill ; for the end proposed by the prince was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the

means : it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error ; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others ; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by Revelation alone that virtue and happiness are connected : by Revelation, “ we are “ led into all truth ;” conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry ; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light ; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover why its radiance is not farther diffused ; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to inquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a Heathen who had in every instance obeyed the dictates of conscience, however erroneous ; because it will be readily granted, that no such moral perfection was ever found among men ; but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, “ who love darkness rather than “ light, because their deeds are evil ;” who violate the law that has been written upon the

heart, and reject that which has been offered them from Above; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the Register of Heaven.

---

*Numb. 92. Saturday, Sept. 22. 1753.*

---

*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumat honesti*

Hor.

Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust.  
Like the firm judge inexorably just.

To the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

**I**N the papers of criticism which you have given to the public, I have remarked a spirit of candor and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiousness; a just distribution of praise among the ancients and the moderns; a sober deference to reputation long established, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingness to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondness for novelty.

I shall, therefore, venture to lay before you such observations as have risen to my mind in the consideration of Virgil's pastorals, with-

VOL. III. † Q



out any inquiry how far my sentiments deviate from established rules or common opinions.

If we survey the ten pastorals in a general view, it will be found that Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praise of an inventor. To search into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my present purpose; that it has long subsisted in the east, the Sacred Writings sufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was sometimes the devotion, and sometimes the entertainment of the generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with simplicity; and taught his shepherds to sing with so much ease and harmony, that his countrymen, despairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet possession of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had bestowed upon him.

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian Bard: he has written with greater splendor of diction, and elevation of sentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the simplicity was less; and, perhaps, where he excells Theocritus, he sometimes obtains his superiority by deviating from the pastoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theo-



critus the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil; of whom Horace justly declares, that the rural muses have appropriated to him their elegance and sweetness, and who, as he copies Theocritus in his design, has resembled him likewise in his success; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obscure author of the lower ages, I know not that a single pastoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been universally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his pastorals a strain of versification which it is vain to seek in any other poet; but if we except the first and the tenth, they seem liable either wholly or in part to considerable objections.

The second, though we should forget the great charge against it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have perished, without any diminution of the praise of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting sentiment or pleasing description, or one passage that strikes the imagination or awakens the passions.

The third contains a contest between two shepherds, begun with a quarrel of which some

particulars might well be spared, carried on with sprightliness and elegance, and terminated at last in a reconciliation: but, surely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or false, they are too much degraded from the dignity of pastoral innocence; and instead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I should not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

The poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another kind: it is filled with images at once splendid and pleasing, and is elevated with grandeur of language worthy of the first of Roman poets; but I am not able to reconcile myself to the disproportion, between the performance and the occasion that produced it: that the golden age should return because Pollio had a son, appears so wild a fiction, that I am ready to suspect the poet of having written, for some other purpose, what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has stood to all succeeding ages as the model of pastoral elegies. To deny praise to a performance which so many thousands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind: yet whoever shall read it with impartiality, will find that most of the images are of the mythological kind, and therefore,

easily invented ; and that there are few sentiments of rational praise or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again rises to the dignity of philosophic sentiment and heroic poetry. The address to Varus is eminently beautiful : but since the compliment paid to Gallus fixes the transaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus seems injudicious ; nor has any sufficient reason yet been found, to justify his choice of those fables that make the subject of the song.

The seventh exhibits another contest of the tuneful shepherds : and surely, it is not without some reproach to his inventive power, that of ten pastorals Virgil has written two upon the same plan. One of the shepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent superiority ; and the reader, when he sees the prize adjudged, is not able to discover how it was deserved.

Of the eighth pastoral, so little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praise or blame than that of a translator.

Of the ninth, it is scarce possible to discover the design or tendency : it is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been composed from fragments of other poems : and except a few lines in which the author touches



upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that seems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other use can be discovered than to fill up the poem.

The first and the tenth pastorals, whatever be determined of the rest, are sufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus disappointed in his love, is full of such sentiments as disappointed love naturally produces; his wishes are wild, his resentment is tender, and his purposes are inconstant. In the genuine language of despair, he soothes himself a while with the pity that shall be paid him after his death:

————— *Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,  
Montibus hac vestris: soli cantare periti  
Arcades, O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,  
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!*

————— Yet, O Arcadian swains,  
Yet best artificers of soothing strains!  
Tune your soft reeds, and teach your rocks  
my woes,  
So shall my shade in sweeter rest repose.  
O that your birth and business had been mine;  
To feed the flock, and prune the spreading  
vine! Warton.

Discontented with his present condition, and desirous to be any thing but what he is, he



wishes himself one of the shepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity ; but soon discovers how much happier he should be in these happy regions, with Lycoris at his side.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori :  
Hic nemus ; hic ipso tecum consummerer ævo.  
Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis ;  
Tela inter mediâ, atque adversos detinet hostes.  
Tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere) tantum  
Alpinas, ah dura, nives, & frigore Rheni  
Me sine sola vides. Ah te ne frigora lædant !  
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas !*

Here cooling fountains roll through flow'ry meads,

Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads ;

Here could I wear my careless life away,

And in thy arms insensibly decay.

Instead of that, me frantic love detains

'Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains:

While you—and can my soul the tale  
believe,

Far from your country, lonely wand'ring  
leave

Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive !

Seek the rough Alps where snows eternal shine,

And joyless borders of the frozen Rhine.

Ah ! may no cold e'er blast my dearest maid,  
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade !

Warton.

He then turns his thoughts on every side,  
in quest of something that may solace or amuse him : he proposes happiness to himself, first in one scene and then in another ; and at last finds that nothing will satisfy :

*Jam neque Hamadryades rursum, nec carmina  
nobis*

*Ipsa placent : ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.*

*Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores ;*

*Nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,*

*Scythoniaeque nives hyemis subeamus aquosæ :*

*Nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,*

*Æthiopum versemus oves sub sidere Cancræ,*

*Omnia vincit amor ; et nos cedamus amori,*

But now again no more the woodland maids,  
Nor pastoral songs delight—Farewell, ye  
shades—

No toils of ours the cruel god can change,  
Tho' lost in frozen desarts we should range,  
Tho' we should drink where chilling Hebrews  
flows,

Endure bleak winter's blasts, and Thracian  
snows ;

Or on hot India's plains our flocks should feed,  
Where the perch'd elm declines his sickening  
head ;

Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,  
Far from cool breezes and refreshing streams,  
Love over all maintains resistless sway,  
And let us Love's all-conquering power obey.  
Warton.

But notwithstanding the excellence of the tenth pastoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the first, which is equally natural and more diversified. The complaint of the shepherd, who saw his old companion at ease in the shade, while himself was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is such as, with variation of circumstances, misery always utters at the sight of prosperity :

*Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia loquimur arva ;  
Nos patriam fugimus : tu, Tityre, lentus in  
umbra,  
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.*

We leave our country's bounds, our much-  
lov'd plains ;  
We from our country fly, unhappy swains ;  
You, Tit'rus, in the groves at leisure laid,  
Teach Amaryllis' name to every shade.

Warton.

His account of the difficulties of his journey gives a very tender image of pastoral distress :

— *En ipse capellas*

*Protenus ager ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco:*

*Hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos, Spem gregis, ah! silice in nuda connixa reliquit.*

And lo! sad part'ner of the general care,  
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar!  
While scarcely this my leading hand sustains,  
Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains;  
For 'mid yon tangled hazels as we pass,  
On the bare flints her hapless twin she cast,  
The hopes and promise of my ruin'd fold!

Warton.

The description of Virgil's happiness in his little farm, combines almost all the images of rural pleasure; and he, therefore, that can read it with indifference, has no sense of pastoral poetry:

*Fortunate senex, erga tua rura manebant,  
Et tibi magna satis; quamvis lapis omnia nudus,  
Limofoque palus obducatur pascua junco,  
Non insueta gravis tentabunt pabula fatas,  
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia ludent.*



*Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota,  
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.  
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limbo sepes,  
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,  
Sæpi levi somnum suadebit inire safurro.  
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras ;  
Nec tamen interea rauca, tua cura, palumbes,  
Nec gemere aria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.*

Happy old man ! then still thy farms restor'd,  
Enough for thee, shall bless thy frugal board.  
What though rough stones the naked soil o'er-  
spread,

Or malhy bull-rush rear its wat'ry head,  
No foreign food thy teeming ewes shall fear,  
No touch contagious spread its influence here.  
Happy old man ! here 'mid th' accustom'd  
streams

And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching  
beams ;

While from yon willow-fence, thy pasture's  
bound,

The bees that suck their flow'ry stores around,  
Shall sweetly mingle, with the whispering  
boughs,

Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose :  
While from steep rocks the pruner's song is  
heard ;

Nor the soft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,

Mean while shall cease to breathe her melting  
strain,

Nor turtles from the ærial elm to plain.

Warton.

It may be observed, that these two poems were produced by events that really happened, and may therefore be of use to prove, that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth.

I am, S I R,  
T Your humble servant,  
Dubius.

---

Numb 93. Tuesday, September 25, 1753.

---

*Irritat, mulcet, falcis terroribus implet  
Ut Magnus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

Hor.

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;  
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art :  
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart,  
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,  
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Pope.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendant beauties and in gross imperfections, are the most proper and

pregnant subjects for criticism. The regularity and correctness of a Virgil or a Horace, almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason, I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of Shakespeare will not be deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples of excellencies and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakespeare is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity; and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid; so his characteristical excellencies may possibly be reduced to these three general heads: 'his lively creative imagination; his strokes of nature and passion; and 'his preservation of the consistency of his characters.' These excellencies, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of Time and Place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order; but to portray characters naturally,

and to preserve them uniformly, requires such an intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is so rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoined, perhaps, only by two writers, Homer and Shakespeare.

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, the Tempest is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate island; and the characters the most new and singular that can well be conceived; a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakespeare's chief excellence is the consistency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Prospero is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter Miranda speaks to him:

If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:



which intimate, that the tempest described in the preceding scene, was the effect of Prospero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this solitary island, accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a short and natural narration.

The offices of his attendant spirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildness of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is said to be,

——To tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the North;  
To do—business in the veins o' th' earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost;  
——to dive into the fire; to ride  
On the curl'd clouds.

In describing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ship, Ariel expresses the secrecy of its situation by the following circumstance, which artfully glances at another of his services;

——In the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'd me up at midnight, to fetch dew  
From the still-vest Bermudas.

Ariel, being one of those elves or spirits,

' whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms, and who rejoices to listen to the solemn curfew; by whose assistance Prospero ' has bedimm'd the sun at noon tide,'

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault,  
Set roaring war;

has a set of ideas and images peculiar to his station and office; a beauty of the same kind with that which is so justly admired in the Adam of Milton, whose manners and sentiments are all paradisaical. How delightfully and how suitably to his character are the habitations and pastimes of this invisible being pointed out in the following exquisite song!

Where the bee sucks, there suck I?  
In a cossip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After sun-set, merrily.  
Merrily merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Mr Pope, whose imagination has been thought by some the least of his excellencies, has, doubtless, conceived and carried on the machinery in his ' Rape of the Lock,' with vast exuberance of fancy. The images, cus-

toms, and employment of Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expression, Sylphish. The enumeration of the punishments they were to undergo, if they neglected their charge, would, on account of its poetry and propriety, and especially the mixture of oblique satire, be superior to any circumstances in Shakespeare's Ariel, if we could suppose Pope to have been unacquainted with the Tempest, when he wrote this part of his accomplished poem.

—She did confine thee

Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years ; within which space she dy'd,  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent  
thy groans,  
As fast as mill-wheels strike.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty intrails, till  
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, before, to-night thou shalt have  
cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up : ur-  
chens  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may  
work.

All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd  
 As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more  
     stinging  
 Than bees that made them.

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old  
     cramps,  
 Till all their bones with aches : make thee  
     roar,  
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Shakespeare.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
 Forsakes his post or leaves the fair at large,  
 shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his  
     sins,  
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfixt with pins ;  
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lye ;  
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :  
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
 While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain ;  
 Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r,  
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flow'r :  
 Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
 The giddy motion of the whirling wheel ;  
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !

Pope.

The method which is taken to induce Fer-



dinand to believe that his father was drown'd in the late tempest, is exceedingly solemn and striking. He is sitting upon a solitary rock, and weeping over-against the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he suddenly hears with astonishment aerial music creep by him upon the waters, and the Spirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a Spirit to utter :

Full fathom five thy father lies :  
Of his bones are coral made :  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change,  
Into something rich and strange.

And then follows a most lively circumstance ;

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Hark ! now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell !

This is so truly poetical, that one can scarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand,

There is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owns !—

The happy versatility of Shakespear's genius enables him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poesy.

But the poet rises still higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral use of it, that is, I think, incomparable, and the greatest effort of his art. Ariel informs Prospero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and punished his brother and companions so severely, that if he himself was now to behold their sufferings, he would greatly compassionate them. To which Prospero answers,

—Dost thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Prospero. And mine shall.

He then takes occasion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the justice and necessity of forgiveness:

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions; and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou  
art?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Prospero: we are transported into fairy land; we are wrapt in a delicious dream,

from which it is misery to be disturbed; all around is enchantment!

—The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight  
and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes  
voices;

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then in  
dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open and  
show riches

Ready to drop upon me:—when I wak'd,  
I cried to dream again!

Z

---

Numb. 94 Saturday, Sept 29 1759

---

*Monstro uod ipse esse possit dare.* Juv.

—What I show,

Thyself may freely on thyself bestow. Dryden.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

SIR,

YOU have somewhat discouraged the hope  
of idleness by shewing, that whoever  
compares the number of those who have pos-  
sessed fortuitous advantages, and of those who

have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

But as we have seen thousands subscribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize: so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lye within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by industry, will be eaten without relish, if it is not wasted in riot; and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy, but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with success: for this reason it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry pursues its purpose, and the purpose of industry is seldom disappointed: he, who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours, that are not spent in the immediate



gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy, is various as their temper, constitution, habits, and circumstances: but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply the necessities or the conveniences of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation; for by anticipation, the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour, is diffused through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil, is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

The most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gamblers. But by gamblers, I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate, against the cunning of those who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic: I mean the dissolute and indigent, who in the common phrase put them-

selves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly desire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry; tradesmen, who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce; and swaggerers who rank themselves with gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

The gamester of this class will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and, therefore, cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of suspense, succeed those of disappointment; and a momentary gain only embitters the loss that follows. Such is the life of him, who shuns business because he would secure leisure for enjoyment; except it happens, against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to subsist him in idleness the remainder of his life: and in this case, the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is

bestowed ; he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to increase the enjoyment which they were intended to supply ; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence, which he despairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increase of his wealth, by a larger house, a more splendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourse to the altar of Fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to his original indigence, by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy : if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich ; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value ; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gambler, therefore, of whatever class, plays against manifest odds ; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses

he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to lose a single stake which he had not first won.

But though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one species to which all are sometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

Ned Froth, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increase; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance: but it happened that Ned, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he should be free: instead of telling his story, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his



customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a-day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

In this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed entered hastily, and inquired for him of his guests, who many times called him aloud by his name, and cursd him for his deafness and stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream, and asked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the stranger, gave Ned some offence; but the next moment he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long, before Ned discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a discovery, which generally produces the dissipation of

sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine clothes; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something was still wanting; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage: but in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in Bank notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pugnency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the Bridge into the Thames.

T

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

CAUTUS.

---

Numb. 95. Tuesday, October 2, 1753.

---

—*Dulce animos no itate tenet.*

Ovid.

And with sweet novelty your soul detain.

IT is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretensions to genius and discoveries, they do little more than copy one another; and that compositions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common sentiments, or at best exhibit a transposition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by some slight difference of dress and decoration.

The allegation of resemblance between authors, is indisputably true; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness. A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same sentiments, because they have in all ages had the same objects of speculation; the interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties; and we must, therefore, expect, in the works of

all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness as we find in the pictures of the same person drawn in different periods of his life.

It is necessary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though, perhaps, not the most atrocious of literary crimes, the subject on which he treats should be carefully considered. We do not wonder, that historians, relating the same facts, agree in their narration; or that authors, delivering the elements of science, advance the same theorems, and lay down the same definitions: yet it is not wholly without use to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the same subject; for there will always be some reason why one should, on particular occasions, or to particular persons, be preferable to another; some will be clear where others are obscure, some will please by their style and others by their method, some by their embellishments and others by their simplicity, some by closeness and others by diffusion.

The same indulgence is to be shewn to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and those, therefore, who teach us to distinguish them, if they all teach us right, must agree with another. The relations of social life, and the duties resulting from them,



must be the same at all times and in all nations: some petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary customs; but the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be desired, that morality should be considered as interdicted to all future writers: men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them; and a new book often seizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewise in composition, as in other things, a perpetual vicissitude of fashion; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearance which at another would expose it to neglect; the author, therefore, who has judgment to discern the taste of his contemporaries, and skill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deserve well of mankind, by conveying instruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewise many modes of composition, by which a moralist may deserve the name of an original writer: he may familiarise his system by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or subtilize it into a series of syllogistic arguments: he may enforce his doctrine by seriousness and solemnity, or enliven it by sprightliness and gaiety; he may deliver his

sentiments in naked precepts, or illustrate them by historical examples : he may detain the studious by the artful concatenation of a continued discourse, or relieve the busy by short strictures, and unconnected essays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius ; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured ; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

The same observation may be extended likewise to the passions : their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast : a man loves and hates, desires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour ; resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.

Nothing therefore, can be more unjust, than to charge an author with plagiarism, merely because he assigns to every cause its natural effect ; and makes his personages act, as others in like circumstances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own observation : whoever has been

in love, will represent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his mistress, retiring to shades and solitude, that he may muse without disturbance on his approaching happiness, or associating himself with some friend that flatters his passion, and talking away the hours of absence upon his darling subject. Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long continued hatred, will, without any assistance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the passions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in contrivances of mischief.

Every other passion is alike simple and limited, if it be considered only with regard to the breast which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, must perpetually exhibit the same appearances; and though by the continued industry of successive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time discovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curiosity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the present and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind. They are to observe the alterations

which time is always making in the modes of life. that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themselves. Thus love is uniform, but courtship is perpetually varying: the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inspired, would of themselves be sufficient to fill a volume; sometimes balls and serenades, sometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century have been sensible of scarce any other merit than that of riches, and listened only to jointures in pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but these hopes have been gratified in some countries by supplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in some states has been only the reward of military achievements, in others it has been gained by noisy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form, as she actuated the usurer of Rome, and the stock-jobber of England; and idleness itself, how little soever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amusements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which those who study mankind may fill their compositions with an inexhaustible variety of images and



allusions: and he must be confessed to look with little attention upon scenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch some of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated descriptions.

It has been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the distinct and primogenial colours are only seven; but every eye can witness, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diversifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the passions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crowds that swarm upon the earth; the passions, from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyse the mind of man, are very few; but those few agitated and combined, as external causes shall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make such frequent alterations on the surface of life, that the show, while we are busied in delineating it, vanishes from the view, and a new set of objects succeeds, doomed to the same shortness of duration with the former: thus curiosity may always find employment, and the busy part of mankind will furnish the contemplative with the materials of speculation to the end of time.

The complaint therefore, that all topics are pre-occupied, is nothing more than the mur-

mur of ignorance or idleness, by which some discourage others and some themselves: the mutability of mankind will always furnish writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embellish them with new decorations. T

---

*Numb. 96. Saturday, October 6. 1753.*

---

—*Fortunatos nimium sua, si bona norint.*

Virg.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state!

Dryden.

IN proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in its operations by reason; and perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy when it can only embitter disappointment and heighten calamity; and more frequently slumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

An ecclesiastical living of considerable value became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modesty to speak with confidence of the success of an application supported chiefly by his interest, and Evander knew that others had solicited before him; as he was not therefore much elevated by hope, he

believed he should not be greatly depressed by a disappointment. The gentleman to whom he was recommended, received him with great courtesy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and discovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking Evander by the hand, 'Sir,' said he, 'I think it scarce less a misfortune to myself than you, that you was not five minutes sooner in your application. The gentleman whose recommendation you bring, I wish more than any other to oblige; but I have just presented the living to the person whom you saw take his leave when you entered the room.'

This declaration was a stroke, which Evander had neither skill to elude nor force to resist. The strength of his interest, though it was not known time enough to increase his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reason to believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumstances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his disappointment: over these he mused perpetually with inexpressible anguish, he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the most passionate exclamations. And yet, what happened to Evander more than he expected? nothing that he possessed was diminished, nor

was any possibility of advantage cut off: with respect to these and every other reality, he was in the same state, as if he had never heard of the vacancy, which he had some chance to fill: but Evander groaned under the tyranny of imagination; and in a fit of causeless fretfulness cast away peace, because time was not stopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpose to secure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander solicited was bestowed, never conceived a single doubt that he should fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation such as it was believed no other could counterbalance; he therefore received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his success as an event produced, like rain and sun-shine, by the common and regular operation of natural causes; and took possession of his rectory with the same temper that he would have reaped a field he had sown, or received the interest of a sum which he had placed in the funds. But having, by accident, heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once struck with a sense of his good fortune; and was so affected by a retrospect on his danger, that he could scarce believe it to be past. ‘How providential,’ said he, ‘was it, that I did not stay to drink another



‘dish of tea at breakfast, that I found a hackney-coach at the end of the street, and that I met with no stop by the way!’ What an alteration was produced in Agenor’s conception of the advantage of his situation, and the means by which it was obtained! and yet at last he had gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquisition was not increased; nor had Providence interposed farther than to exclude chance from the government of the world. But Agenor did not before reflect that any gratitude was due to providence but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor estimate his gain but by the probability of loss.

As success and disappointment are under the influence of imagination, so are ease and health; each of which may be considered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into wearisomness and discontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon visit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an estate which produces three thousand pounds a-year, and the husband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is said to be complete, his constitution is vigorous, his person graceful,

and his understanding strong. I found him in full health, lolling in an easy chair; his countenance was florid, he was gayly dressed, and surrounded with all the means of happiness which wealth well used could bestow. After the first ceremonies had passed, he threw himself again back in his chair upon my having refused it, looked wistfully at his fingers ends, crossed his legs, inquired the news of the day, and, in the midst of all possible advantages, seemed to possess life with a listless indifference, which if he could have preserved in contrary circumstances, would have invested him with the dignity of a stoic.

It happened that yesterday I paid Curio another visit. I found him in his chamber; his head was swathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at these appearances of disease; and inquired with an honest solicitude how he did. The moment he heard my question, he started from his seat, sprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an ecstasy, that he was in Heaven.

What difference in Curio's circumstances produced this difference in his sensations and behaviour? What prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had ease and health, youth, affluence, and beauty. Curio, during ten days that preceded my last

visit, had been tormented with the tooth-ach; and had, within the last hour, been restored to ease, by having the tooth drawn.

And is human reason so impotent, and imagination so perverse, that ease cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not possible to improve negative into positive happiness, by reflection? Can he, who possesses ease and health, whose food is tasteful, and whose sleep is sweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the seasons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with restless anxiety?

Is an acquiescence in the dispensations of Unerring Wisdom, by which some advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumstances that can only aggravate disappointment, impossible to reasonable beings? And is a sense of Divine Bounty necessarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be less doubtful and interrupted?

Every man, surely, would blush to admit these suppositions; let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He, who brings imagination under the dominion of reason, will be able to diminish the evil of life, and to increase the good; he will learn to resign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and



possess with chearfulness : and as in this conduct there is not only wisdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that state, in which, ‘ the Spirits of the Just shall  
‘ be made Perfect.’

---

*Numb. 97. Tuesday, October 9. 1753.*

---

Χρη δε και εν τοις ηθειςιν ωσπερ και εν τη των πραγματος  
ευστασει, αει ζητειν, η τε αναγκαιον, η το ειθος.

Arist. Poet.

As well in the conduct of the manners as in the constitution of the fable, we must always endeavour to produce either what is necessary or what is probable.

‘ **W**HOEVER ventures,’ says Horace,  
‘ to form a character totally original,  
‘ let him endeavour to preserve it with unifor-  
‘ mity and consistency ; but the formation of  
‘ an original character is a work of great dif-  
‘ ficulty and hazard.’ In this arduous and  
uncommon task, however, Shakespeare has  
wonderfully succeeded in his tempest : the  
monster Caliban is the creature of his own  
imagination, in the formation of which he  
could derive no assistance from observation or  
experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by  
a demon : the sorceries of his mother were so



terrible, that her countrymen banished her into this desert island as unfit for human society; in conformity, therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness, gluttony, and lust. He is introduced with great propriety, cursing Prospero and Miranda whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupation of his mother:

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! —————

————— All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindness is afterwards expressed as much in character as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices, that could be of value only in a desolate island, and in the estimation of a savage.

I pry'thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-  
nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest; and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmazet. I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberds; and sometimes I'll get  
thee.

Young sea-malls from the rock——

I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee  
berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which last is, indeed, a circumstance of great use in a place, where to be defended from the cold was neither easy nor usual; and it has a farther peculiar beauty, because the gathering wood was the occupation to which Caliban was subjected by Prospero, who therefore deemed it a service of high importance.

The gross ignorance of this monster is represented with delicate judgment; he knew not the names of the sun and moon, which he calls the bigger light and the less; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his mistress had often shewn him; and when Prospero reminds him that he first taught him to pronounce articulately, his answer is full of malevolence and rage:

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse:——

the properest return for such a fiend to make for such a favour. The spirits whom he supposes to be employed by Prospero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpose, are

described with the utmost liveliness and force of fancy :

Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at  
me,

And after bite me ; then like hedge-hogs,  
which

Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall ; sometimes am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven  
tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

It is scarce possible for any speech to be more expressive of the manners and sentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity and unfeeling savageness of this son of Sycorax, by making him enumerate with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was possible for the drunken sailors to surprise and kill his master :

————— There thou may'st brain him,  
Having first seiz'd his books ; or with a log  
Batter his skull ; or paunch him with a stake :  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife——

He adds, in allusion to his own abominable attempt, ' above all be sure to secure the  
' daughter, whose beauty, he tells them, is

‘incomparable.’ The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted, than by extorting this testimony from so insensible a monster.

Shakespeare seems to be the only poet who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an instance more striking, than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker :

Pray you trade softly, that the blind mole may  
not  
Hear a foot-fall——

I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth; words that imply repentance and understanding :

—— I’ll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool ?

It must not be forgotten, that Shakespeare has artfully taken occasion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contrasted to



the mildness and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to satirize the prevailing passion for new and wonderful sights, which has rendered the English so ridiculous. 'Were I in England now,' says Trincalo, on his first discovering Caliban, 'and had but this fish painted, not an holy-day-fool there but would give a piece of silver.—When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.'

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own; that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of Prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims,

——What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining that as he was so beautiful he must necessarily be one of her father's aerial agents, is a stroke of nature worthy admiration: as are likewise her intreaties to her father not to use him harshly, by the power of his art;

Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I figh'd for!

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion, which Prospero was desirous he should feel for the prince; and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero had enjoined him to perform. 'Would,' says she, 'the lightning had burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!'

—————If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me  
that,  
I'll carry it to the pile.——  
——You look wearily.

It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances that Shakespeare has more truly painted the passions than any other writer: affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the declamations of Rowe

The resentment of Prospero for the matchless cruelty and wicked usurpation of his brother; his parental affection and solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heiress of his dukedom: and the awful solemnity of his

character, as a skilful magician; are all along preserved with equal consistency, dignity, and decorum. One part of his behaviour deserves to be particularly pointed out: during the exhibition of a mask with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he starts suddenly from the recollection of the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates against his life, and dismisses his attendant spirits, who instantly vanish to a hollow and confused noise. He appears to be greatly moved; and suitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occasion, from the sudden disappearance of the visionary scene, to moralize on the dissolution of all things:

———These our actors

As I foretold you, were all spirits; and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind——

To these noble images he adds a short but comprehensive observation on human life, not excelled by any passage of the moral and sententious Euripides:

VOL. III. ‡ U

———We are such stuff

As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep !

Thus admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poesy, preserved through the Tempest. And it may be further remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, tho' almost constantly violated by Shakespeare, exactly observed. The action is one, great, and entire, the restoration of Prospero to his dukedom ; this business is transacted in the compass of a small island, and in or near the cave of Prospero ; tho', indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this single spot ; and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the representation ; an excellence which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which a variety of the most entertaining incidents can scarcely atone.

Z



---

Numb. 98. Saturday, October 13. 1753.

---

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,  
Si vis esse aliquis.*

Juv.

Would'st thou to honours and preferments climb?  
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,  
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves.

Dryden.

TO the ADVENTURER,

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirst of glory is I think allowed,  
even by the dull dogs who can sit still  
long enough to write books, to be a noble ap-  
petite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life  
and spirit, who could conquer the world if he  
was to set about it, but who has too much vi-  
vacity to give the necessary attention to any  
scheme of length.

I am, in short, one of those heroic Adven-  
turers, who have thought proper to distinguish  
themselves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and  
Nerve. When I am in the country I am al-  
ways on horse back, and I leap or break every  
hedge and gate that stands in my way: when  
I am in town, I am constantly to be seen at  
some of the public places, at the proper times  
for making my appearance; as at Vauxhall,

or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for though I don't love wine, I am obliged to be consumedly drunk five or six nights in the week: nay sometimes five or six days together, for the sake of my character. Wherever I come, I am sure to make all the confusion, and do all the mischief I can; not for the sake of doing mischief, but only out of frolic you know, to shew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I swear like a devil to shew my courage, and talk bawdy to shew my wit. Under the rose, I am a cursed favourite amongst them; and have had 'bonne fortune,' let me tell you. I do love the little rogues hellishly: but faith I make love for the good of the public; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the finest wenches that were ever brought into its seraglios. One indeed, I lost: and poor fond soul! I pitied her! but it could not be helped—self-preservation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter with her, nor me if I could; and so it got such a head, that the devil himself could not have saved her.

There's one thing vexes me; I have much ado to avoid having that insignificant character, a good-natured fellow, fixed upon me; so that I am obliged, in my own defence, to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down stairs every time I enter a night-house: I pick

quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never saw, demolish lamps, bilk hackney-coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and storm night-cellars: I beat the watchman, though he bids me good morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice: for these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted, and imprisoned; but Tim is no Flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deserve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horse two hours ago. The dog whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmost, is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'll tell thee what; I was a hellish ass t'other day. I shot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a cursed slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion; who could help it, you know? Rot me! I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the

brats of their brats to the third generation --- She was a sweet creature ! I would have run her five-and-twenty miles in an hour, for five hundred pounds. But she's gone!---Poor jade ! I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you shall do for me old boy is this. Help to raise my name a little, d'ye mind : write someting in praise of us sprightly pretty fellows. I assure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and it is hard we should be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear ; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business ; for between you and I, both my constitution and estate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out together as even as possible ; but if my purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half-crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there if you approve the scheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air,

' I'll boldly venture on the world unknown ;  
' It cannot use me worse than this has done.'

I'll then shoot myself thro' the head ; and so good by t'ye.

Yours, as you serve me,  
Tim. Wildgoose.



I should little deserve the notice of a person so illustrious as the hero who honours me with the name of brother, if I should cavil at his principles or refuse his request. According to the moral philosophy which is now in fashion, and adopted by many of 'the dull dogs' who write books,' the gratification of appetite is virtue; and appetite therefore, I shall allow to be noble, notwithstanding the objections of those who pretend, that whatever be its object, it can be good or ill in no other sense than stature or complexion; and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or restrained, by which it is brought under the government of reason, and rendered subservient to moral purposes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correspondent may have laboured to gratify his 'thirst of glory,' I am afraid he will be disappointed. It is indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom successive generations have honoured with statues and panegyric, he has spent his life in doing mischief to others without procuring any real good to himself: but he has not done mischief enough; he has not sacked a city or fired a temple; he acts only against individuals in a contracted sphere, and is lost among a crowd of competitors, whose merit can only contribute to

their mutual obscurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers must soon become too common to confer distinction.

In behalf of some among these candidates for fame, the legislature has, indeed, thought fit to interpose; and their achievements are with great solemnity rehearsed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celestial appellation, but on earth it is called Justice Hall in the Old Bailey.

As the rest are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirst of my correspondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admission into this class; an attempt in which I do not despair of success, for I think I can demonstrate their right, and I will not suppose it possible that when this is done they will be excluded.

Upon the most diligent examination of ancient history and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in so high a degree, as killing men: this indeed is one of the feats which our legislature has thought fit to rescue from oblivion, and reward in Justice Hall: it has also removed an absurd distinction, and contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women, among those who deserve the rewards that have been decreed to

homicide. Now he may fairly be considered as a killer, who seduces a young beauty from the fondness of a parent, with whom she enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the smile of society, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the excesses of a brothel, to disease and distraction, stripes, infamy, and imprisonment; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alledged, that the woman was not wholly passive, but that in some sense she may be considered as *felo de se*. This, however, is mere cavil; for the same may be said of him who fights when he can run away; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the Blood be admitted, and I do not see how it can be set aside, I propose that after his remains shall have been rescued from dust and worms, and consecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeon's Hall, his bones shall be purified by proper lustrations, and erected into a statue: that this statue shall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero of which it is at once the remains and the monument written over it, among many others of the same rank, in the gallery of a spacious building, to be elected by lottery for that purpose: I propose that this gallery

be called the Blood's Gallery; and to prevent the labour and expence of emblazoning the achievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the same words, that an inscription be placed over the door to this effect: 'This gallery is sacred to  
 ' the memory and the remains of the Bloods;  
 ' heroes who lived in perpetual hostility against  
 ' themselves and others; who contracted diseases by excess that precluded enjoyment,  
 ' and who continually perpetrated mischief not  
 ' in anger but sport; who purchased this distinction at the expence of life; and whose  
 ' glory would have been equal to Alexander's,  
 ' if their power had not been less.'

---

*Numb 99. Tuesday, October 16, 1753.*

---

— *Magnis tamen excidit arsis.*

Ovid.

But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.

Addison.

IT has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The same attempts, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different success, produce different judgments; they who attain their wishes, never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue; and they that miscarry, are quickly discovered to have been defective



not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without some good reason to hate the unhappy: their real faults are immediately detected; and if those are not sufficient to sink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be superadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honesty or courage.

This species of injustice has so long prevailed in universal practice, that it seems likewise to have infected speculation: so few minds are able to separate the ideas of greatness and prosperity that even Sir William Temple has determined, 'that he who can deserve the name of a hero, must not only be virtuous but fortunate.'

By this unreasonable distribution of praise and blame, none have suffered oftener than Projectors, whose rapidity of imagination and vastness of design raise such envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their distresses: yet even a Projector may gain favour by success; and the tongue that was prepared to hiss, then endeavours to excel others in loudness of applause.

When Coriolanus, in Shakespeare, deserted to Aufidius, the Volscian servants at first insulted him, even while he stood under the pro-

rection of the household gods ; but when they saw that the Project took effect, and the stranger was seated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciously observes, “ that he always thought there was more in him than he could think.”

Machiavel has justly animadverted on the different notice taken by all succeeding times, of the two great projectors Catiline and Cæsar. Both formed the same Project, and intended to raise themselves to power, by subverting the commonwealth : they pursued their design, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue ; but Catiline perished in the field, and Cæsar returned from Pharfalia with unlimited authority : and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himself honoured by a comparison with Cæsar ; and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conquest of Greece, and brought down the power of Asia against it : but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was destroyed, and Xerxes has never been mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards. Greece likewise had her turn of giving birth to a Projector ; who invading Asia with a small army, went for-

ward in search of adventures, and by his escape from one danger, gained only more rashness to rush into another: he stormed city after city, over ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invasions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

These are, indeed, events of ancient time; but human nature is always the same, and every age will afford us instances of public censures influenced by events. The great business of the middle centuries, was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble Project, and was for a long time prosecuted with a spirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to destruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at last gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the scold of idleness and ignorance, their understanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cause has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged king Ferdinand in the discovery of the other hemisphere,

the sailors, with whom he embarked in the expedition, had so little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at sea looking for coasts which they expected never to find, they raised a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to sooth them into a permission to continue the same course three days longer, and on the evening of the third day descried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requested, what had been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain Projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to useless expences, and risked his life in seeking countries that had no existence? how would those that had rejected his proposals, have triumphed in their acuteness? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glass?

The last royal Projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden, and the Czar of Muscovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his designs by his measures and his inquiries, had proposed first to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through pathless desarts into China, thence to make his way by the sword through the whole circuit of Asia, and by the conquest of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new



dominions : but this mighty project was crushed at Pultowa ; and Charles has since been considered as a madman by those powers, who sent their ambassadors to solicit his friendship, and their generals “ to learn under him the art of war.”

The Czar found employment sufficient in his own dominions, and amused himself in digging canals, and building cities ; murdering his subjects with insufferable fatigue, and transplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thousands that perished on the way : but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the Demigods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the sanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors, and would wish rather to diminish the reputation of their success, than the infamy of their miscarriages : for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, wasted nations, and filled the world with horror and desolation, should be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedness ; why he that accomplished mischief should be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it should be criminal. I would wish Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter, huddled together in obscurity or detestation.

But there is another species of Projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whose ends are generally laudable, and whose labours are innocent; who are searching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet persecuted with incessant obloquy, and whom the universal contempt with which they are treated, often debars from that success which their industry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without opposition.

They who find themselves inclined to censure new undertakings, only because they are new, should consider, that the folly of Projection is very seldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crowded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenseness of thought; it proceeds often from the consciousness of uncommon powers, from the confidence of those, who having already done much, are easily persuaded that they can do more. When Rowley had completed the Orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhausted the secrets of vulgar chymistry, he turned his thoughts to the work of transmutation.

A Projector generally unites those qualities which have the fairest claim to veneration, extent of knowledge and greatness of design: it was said of Catiline, "immoderate, incredibi-

"*lia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.*" Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by despising vulgar attainments, and aspiring to performances, to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleness or timidity, but by rash adventure and fruitless diligence.

That the attempts of such men will often miscarry, we may reasonably expect; yet from such men, and such only, are we to hope for the cultivation of those parts of nature which lie yet waste, and the intention of those arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, universally discouraged, art and discovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of success, may be considered as a Project, and amongst narrow minds may, therefore, expose its author to censure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not understand, every project will be considered as madness, and every great or new design will be censured as a Project. Men, unaccustomed to reason and researches, think every enterprise impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or comprizes many intermedi-

ate operations. Many that presume to laugh at Projectors, would consider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the stream of water; as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy, and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the scheme of Albuquerque, the viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hostility had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

Those who have attempted much, have seldom failed to perform more than those who never deviate from the common roads of action; many valuable preparations of chymistry are supposed to have risen from unsuccessful inquiries after the grand elixir: it is, therefore, just to encourage those who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, since they often succeed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may sometimes benefit the world even by their miscarriages.

T



---

Numb. 100. Saturday, October 20. 1753.

---

*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*—

Juv.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first. T. &c.

To the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names, as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms Buck and Blood, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependence upon each other is, indeed, so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct

and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees; Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jessamy, Smart, Honest Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck and Blood. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkshire, and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to a considerable shop-keeper in the city. There was an awkward modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, an unfashionable suit of drab-coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or, in other words, a country put very green.

Green, then, I continued even in externals, near two years; and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision; but

being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those, who in the same station were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of cloathes of an eminent city taylor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob periwig of Wilding, of the same colour, with a single row of curls just round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore-corner of which projected near two inches further than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout: I also furnished myself with a change of white thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking-ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little switch, which, as it has been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a Jemmy.

I soon perceived the advantage of this trans-

formation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule; but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the play-house, to see the two last acts and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that, on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some farther approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the fore-top of my wig, which when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I changed to a queue; I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neck-cloth; the fore-corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my



stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from its native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns, and the divill. I now advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, geds curse it, and demme: but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and therefore applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone, but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company, as by myself. My labour, however, was not without its reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jesfamy.

I now learned among other Grown Gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a subscription for country-dances once a-week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the same time I made considerable advances in swearing; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give

the vowel its full sound, and look with confidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds *per annum*. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloathes, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court taylor to make them up; I exchanged my queue for a bag; I put on a sword, which, in appearance at least, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increased every hour: I was attended, flattered, and caressed; was often invited to entertainments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a Smart.

There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching; and in these, at whatever risk, I applied myself to the bottle: a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toping and several bawdy

songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions: I enlarged my stock of healths; and made great progress, in singing, joking, and story-telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to flatters and milkops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an Honest Fellow.

By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to take in a knowing one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another

scale in the climax; and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became mischievous; and was continually devising and executing Frolics, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages: but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose; and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming-table, and lost the last sum that I could raise; my estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood,



when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual: some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their Greenhorn state; others fix long in their Jemmyhood, others are Jessamies at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood, your brother Adventurer, Mr Wildgoose, tho' he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the Buck, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a Man. Man is a reasonable Being, which he ceases to be, who

disguises his bodies with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will lend me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrives.

I am your humble servant,

Common-side, King's Bench,  
Oct. 18. 1753.

*Nomentanus.*

---

*Numb. 101. Tuesday, October 23. 1753.*

---

———*Est ubi peccat.*

Hor.

———Yet sometimes he mistakes.

TO the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

**I**F we consider the high rank which Milton has deservedly obtained among our few English classics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries and criticisms of which he has been the subject. To these I have added some miscellaneous remarks: and if you should at first be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

The description of Eden in the fourth book of the *Paradise Lost*, and the battle of the angels in the sixth, are usually selected as the most striking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination; but it requires much greater strength of mind to form an assemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greatest variety of the most splendid images, without any regard to their use or congruity; as in painting, he who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landscape, is deemed a greater master than he, who, by heaping rocks of coral upon tessellated pavements, can only make absurdity splendid, and dispose gaudy colours so as best to set off each other.

‘Sapphire fountains that rolling over orient  
 ‘Pearl run Nectar, roses without thorns, trees  
 ‘that bear fruit of Vegetable Gold, and that  
 ‘weep odorous gums and balms,’ are easily feigned; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any absolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only please those who, when they read, exercise no faculty but fancy, and admire because they do not think.

If I shall not be thought to digress wholly from my subject, I would illustrate this remark, by comparing two passages, written by

Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the same subject. The spirit in Comus thus pays his address of thanks to the water-Nymph Sabrina :

May thy brimmed waves for this,  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills :  
 Summer drought, or singed air,  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair ;  
 Nor wet October's torrent's flood  
 Thy molten chrystal fill with mud :

Thus far the wishes are most proper for the welfare of a river goddess : the circumstance of summer not scorching her tresses, is highly poetical and elegant : but what follows, tho' it is pompous and majestic, is unnatural and far fetched ;

May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl, and the golden ore :  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tow'r and terras round ;  
 And here and there, thy banks upon,  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon !

The circumstance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied ; but what idea can the reader have of an English River rolling Gold



and the Beryl ashore, or of groves of Cinnamon growing on its banks? The images in the following passage of Fletcher are all simple and real, all appropriated and strictly natural:

For thy kindness to me shown,  
Never from thy banks be blown  
Any tree, with windy force,  
Cross thy stream to stop thy course;  
May no beast that comes to drink,  
With his horns cast down thy brink;  
May none that for thy fish do look,  
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;  
Barefoot may no neighbour wade  
In thy cool streams, wife, or maid,  
When the spawn on stones do lie,  
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

The glaring picture of Paradise is not, in my opinion, so strong an evidence of Milton's force of imagination, as his representation of Adam and Eve, when they left it, and of the passions with which they were agitated on that event.

Against his battle of the angels I have the same objections as against his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving them the enormous stature of giants in romances, books of which he was

known to be fond; and the prowess and behaviour of Michael as much resemble the feats of Ariosto's knight, as his two-handed sword does the weapons of chivalry: I think the sublimity of his genius much more visible in the first appearance of the fallen angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the passage of Satan through the dominions of Chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the mission of Raphael to Adam; the conversations between Adam and his wife; the creation; the account which Adam gives of his first sensations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her CREATOR; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the first transgression; and the prospect of the various states of the world, and history of man exhibited in vision to Adam.

In this vision, Milton judiciously represents Adam, as ignorant of what disaster had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother: but during his conversation with Raphael, the poet seems to have forgotten this necessary and natural ignorance of the first man. How was it possible for Adam to discern what the angel meant, by 'cubic phalanxes, by planets of aspect malign, by encamping on the foughten field, by van and rear, by standards and gonfalons and glittering tissues, by the girding sword, by embattled

'squadrons, chariots, and flaming arms, and  
'fiery darts'—and although Adam possessed a superior degree of knowledge, yet doubtless he had not sufficient in chymistry to understand Raphael, who informed him that

————— Sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mix'd, and with subtle art,  
Concocted and Adust'd, they reduced  
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.

And surely, the nature of cannon was not much explained to Adam, who neither knew or wanted the use of iron tools, by telling him, that they resembled the hollow bodies of oak and fir,

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in its pastimes and sports, must have greatly wondered, when the angel expressed the flight of the Satanic host, by saying, that they fled

————— As a herd  
Of goats, or *timorous* flock, together throng'd.

But as there are many exuberances in this poem, there appears to be also some defects. As the serpent was the instrument of the temptation, Milton minutely describes its beauty

and allurements ; and I have frequently wondered, that he did not, for the same reason, give a more elaborate description of the tree of life ; especially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the Sacred Writings, and as the following passage in the Revelations afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a striking picture : ‘ in the midst of the street of  
 ‘ it, and of either side the river, was there the  
 ‘ tree life ; which bare twelve manner of fruits,  
 ‘ and yielded her fruit every month ; and the  
 ‘ leaves of the tree were for the healing of the  
 ‘ nations.’

At the end of the fourth book, suspense and attention are excited to the utmost ; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden is eagerly expected, and the curiosity impatient is for the action and the catastrophe : but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curiosity disappointed, by an expedient, which, though applauded by Addison and Pope, and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be deemed frigid and inartificial, by all  
 - who judge from their own sensations, and are not content to echo the decisions of others. The golden balances are held forth, ‘ which,’ says the poet, ‘ are yet seen between Astræa  
 ‘ and the Scorpion ;’ Satan looks up, and perceiving that his scale mounted aloft, departs



with the shades of night. To make such a use, at so critical a time, of *Libra* a mere imaginary sign of the *Zodiac*, is scarcely justifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

Among innumerable beauties in the *Paradise Lost*, I think the most transcendant is the speech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book: in which his unextinguishable pride and fierce indignation against God, and his envy towards man, are so blended with an involuntary approbation of goodness, and disdain of the meanness and baseness of his present undertaking, as to render it, on account of the propriety of its sentiments and its turn of passions, the most natural, most spirited, and truly dramatic speech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any writer, whether ancient or modern; and yet Mr Addison has passed it over, unpraised and unnoticed.

If an apology should be deemed necessary for the freedom here used with our inimitable bard, let me conclude in the words of Longinus: 'Whoever was carefully to collect the  
' blemishes of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato,  
' and of other celebrated writers of the same  
' rank, would find they bore not the least pro-  
' portion to the sublimities and excellencies  
' with which their works abound,'

Z I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

Palæophilus.

---

Numb. 102 Saturday, October 27, 1753.

---

— *Quid tibi dextro pede concipis, ut te  
Cunctis non pediteat utique peristi?*

Juv.

What in the conduct of our life appears  
So well design'd, so luckily begun,  
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone. Dryden.

To the ADVENTURER,

SIR,

I Have been for many years a trader in London. My begining was narrow, and my stock small; I was therefore, a long time brow beaten and despised by those, who having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not however suffer my resentment to infligate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me into any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who condemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompens'd, my wealth was really

great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large ware-houses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for Sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear: new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself, that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness, but in vacant jollity,

and uninterrupted leisure ; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money ; and tho' I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me ; and indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniencies in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that perhaps the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on, still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire ; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations ; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with pallisades, planted long ave-



nues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the shew. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some, and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my water-works; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets, of which when they were once raised I had no further use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended: the happiness that I have

been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lye in prospect round me; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to 'tell him,' with the fallen angel, 'how I hate his beams.' I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle: but alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors: seven hours must then be en-

dured before I shall sup, but supper comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such, Mr Adventurer, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts, Sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs, and my stable with horses; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chace,

did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surpris'd when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiolity after events which have been long pass'd, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in Oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolv'd to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found



them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skillful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but tho' they are usually brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such, Mr Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the

happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquility.

T. I am,

Your's, &c.

*Mercator.*

---

Numb. 103. Tuesday, October 30, 1753.

---

— *Quid enim ratione timeamus,*  
*Aut cupimus?* —

Juv.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears!

Dryden.

IN those remote times, when, by the intervention of Fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with

every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that 'she should be sought 'in marriage by a sovereign prince.'

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the Fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the arial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, 'that her 'person should be rendered hideous by every 'species of deformity, and that all her wishes 'should spontaneously produce an opposite 'effect.'

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that “to the taste of Shelimah the  
 “ coarsest food should be the most exquisite  
 “ dainty: that the rags which covered her,  
 “ should in her estimation be equal to cloth of  
 “ gold: that she should prize a palace less  
 “ than a cottage. and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her



“breast.” To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult ; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class ; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration ; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke ; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce ; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive ; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover ; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were soften-

ed by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion, on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the Physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill thro' all the East. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant, how they expand and quicken by degrees, how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the root hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taste, and smell: of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known: but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy,

“ that she should be sought in marriage by a  
 “ sovereign prince,” was now at an end. It  
 was the custom of the nobles to present their  
 daughters to the king, when they entered  
 their eighteenth year ; an event which Alme-  
 rine had often anticipated with impatience and  
 hope, but now wished to prevent with solici-  
 tude and terror. The period, urged for-  
 ward, like every thing future, with silent and  
 irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The  
 curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well  
 by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices  
 of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it  
 with the utmost anxiety and perturbation : he  
 discovered the confusion of his daughter, and  
 imagined that it was produced like his own,  
 by the uncertainty and importance of an event,  
 which would be determined before the day  
 should be passed. He endeavoured to give her  
 a peaceful confidence in the promise of the  
 Fairy, which he wanted himself ; and perceived,  
 with regret, that her distress rather increased  
 than diminished : this incident, however, as he  
 had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered  
 him more impatient of delay ; and Almerine,  
 covered with ornaments by which art and na-  
 ture were exhausted, was, however reluctant,  
 introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He  
 had sat ten years upon the throne, and for

the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him, "To-morrow," said he "I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity: to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms



of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, inquired the cause of her distress: this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by the physician Nourassin.

---

*Numb. 104. Saturday, Nov. 3. 1753.*

---

—————*Semita certe*

*Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica viti.*

Juv.

But only virtue shews the paths of peace.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women, who could not be dismissed; but Nourassin put a small vial into the

hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the chearfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was compleated. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of day; and sending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly inquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprize. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to

take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the cheerful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intollerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour she

was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection he soon discovered, that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent



back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage, for the errors of the first. He considered, how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire; ‘Soliman, whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by Vice beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence, which, without Virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others.’

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she

found means to open the wicket, and wandered alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found, and at night not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket, and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade; she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated

her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; 'but,' said she, 'if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species.' The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Ferimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which was before thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the

ground, and finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne; ‘Let the King,’ said he, ‘accept the reward of virtue, and ‘take Shelimah to his bed. In what age and ‘in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? to whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife ‘of Soliman descend with her name? will it ‘not be known, that thy desire of beauty was ‘not gratified, till it had been subdued? that ‘by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?’

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy



Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

‘Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honour, are not essential to human felicity; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed, must now be obtained by an effort of thy own: that which gives relish to the coarsest food, is Temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of Humility; and the torment of ineffectual desires is prevented, by the resignation of Piety to the will of Heaven; advantages which are in the power of every wretch, who repines at the unequal distribution of good and evil, and imputes to Nature the effects of his own folly.’

The king, to whom Shelimah communica-

ted these precepts of the Fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them, distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

---

*Numb. 105. Tuesday, November 6, 1753.*

---

*Novam comicam Menandrus, aequalisque ejus ætatis majis quam speris, Philemon ac Diphilus, et invenere intra paucissimos, annos neque imitandam reliquere.*

Vell Patercul.

Menander, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who must be named with him rather as his contemporaries than his equals, invented within the compass of a few years, a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation.

To the ADVENTURER,

S I R,

**M**ORALITY, taste, and literature, scarcely ever suffered more irreparably than by the loss of the comedies of Menander; some of whose fragments, agreeable to my promise, I am now going to lay before you, which I should imagine would be as highly prized

by the curious, as was the Coan Venus which Apelles left imperfect and unfinished.

Menander was celebrated for the sweetness, brevity, and sententiousness of his stile. ‘ He was fond of Euripides,’ says Quintilian, ‘ and nearly imitated the manner of this tragic writer, though in a different kind of work. He is a complete pattern of oratorial excellence: ita omnem vitæ imaginem expressit, tanta in eo inveniendi copia, & eloquendi facultas; ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus, accommodatus: so various and so just are all his pictures of life; so copious is his invention, so masterly his elocution; so wonderfully is he adapted to all kinds of subjects, persons, and passions.’ This panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic, and on the comedian. Quintilian has here painted Menander with as lively and expressive strokes, as Menander had characterised the Athenians.

Boileau, in his celebrated eighth satire has not represented the misery and folly of man, so forcibly or humurously as Menander.

Ἀπαντα τὰ ζῶ' ἐφ' ἡμῶν κενώτερα,  
 Καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντα μάλλον ἀνθρώπων πολὺ.  
 Τὸν οὐκ ὄραν ἐξίστι πρῶτα τυττονί,  
 Οὗτος κακοδαίμων ἐστὶν ὁμολογούμενός.  
 Τυττω κακὸν δὲ αὐτὸν ὡδὲν γίγνεται,  
 Ἀ δὲ φύσις δίδωκεν αὐτῷ ταῦτ' ἐχέει.  
 Ἡμεῖς δὲ χάρις τὸν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν,  
 Αὐτοὶ παρ' αὐτὸν ἰτέρα προσπορίζομεν.  
 Ἀνθυμὲθ, ἀν' ὧσιν τις ἀν' εἴη κακῶς,  
 Ὁργίζομεθ'. αὐτὸν ἴδῃ τις ἐνυπνίον, σφοδρὰ

Φοβημιθ'. αν γλαυξ ανακραγη δεδοικαμιν·  
 'Αγωνιαι, δοξαι, φιλοτιμιαι, νομοι,  
 "Απαντα ταυτ' επιβητα τη φυτει κακα.

' All animals are more happy, and have more  
 ' understanding than man. Look, for instance,  
 ' on yonder ass; all allow him to be miserable:  
 ' his evils, however, are not brought on him  
 ' by himself and his own fault: he feels only  
 ' those which nature has inflicted. We, on the  
 ' the contrary, besides, our necessary ills, draw  
 ' upon ourselves a multitude of others. We  
 ' are melancholy, if any person happen to  
 ' sneeze; we are angry, if any speak reproach-  
 ' fully of us; one man is affrighted with an  
 ' unlucky dream, another at the hooting of  
 ' an owl. Our contentions, our anxieties, our  
 ' opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils,  
 ' which we ourselves have superadded to na-  
 ' ture.' Comparisons betwixt the conditions  
 of the brutal and human species, have been  
 frequently drawn; but this of Menander, as  
 it probably was the first, so it is the best I have  
 ever seen.

If this passage is admirable for the viva-  
 city and severity of its satire, the following  
 certainly deserves deeper attention for weight  
 of sentiment, and sublimity and purity of moral.

Ει τις δε δυστιαν προσφερων, ω Παμριλε,  
 Ταυρων τε πλησ' η εριθων, η, νη Δια,  
 'Ετερων τοιωντον, η κατασκευασματα  
 Χρυσας ποιησας χλαμυδ' ητοι πορφυρας,  
 'Η δι ελεφαντ', η σμαραγδιν ζωδια,  
 Ευνην νομιζει τον Θεον καθισταναι



Πλανατ' ἐκεῖνον, καὶ ζῖνας κηρὰς εἶχει  
 Διὶ γὰρ τὸν ἀνδρὰ χρησίμῳ πητυκηναι  
 Μὴ παρθένους φθειρόντα, μὴ μοιχομένον,  
 Κλεπτόντα, ἔσφαττόντα χρημάτων χάριν.  
 Μὴδὲ βελόνης πηλὸν ἐπιθύμῃς Πάμφιλε,  
 Ὅ γὰρ Θεὸς βλέπει σὲ πλεῖστον παρόν.

‘He that offers in sacrifice, O Pamphilus, a  
 ‘multitude of bulls and of goats, of golden  
 ‘vestments, or purple garments, or figures of  
 ‘ivory, or precious gems; and imagines by  
 ‘this to conciliate the favour of God, is gross-  
 ‘ly mistaken, and has no solid understanding.  
 ‘For he that would sacrifice with success,  
 ‘ought to be chaste and charitable, no corrup-  
 ‘ter of virgins, no adulterer, no robber or  
 ‘murderer for the sake of lucre. Covet not,  
 ‘O Pamphilus, even the thread of another  
 ‘man’s needle; for God, who is near thee,  
 ‘perpetually beholds thy actions.’

Temperance, and justice, and purity, are here inculcated in the strongest manner, and upon the most powerful motive, the omniscience, of the DEITY; at the same time superstition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the ancients any passage that contains such exalted and spiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if these refined sentiments were to be inserted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with disdain and disapprobation. The Athenians could endure to hear God and Virtue mentioned in the theatre; while an En-

glish and a Christian audience can laugh at adultery as a jest, think obscenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duellist, is a man of honour, the gamester understands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the spendthrift is a fellow of fine spirit, the rake has only robbed a fresh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful husband is a dupe and cuckold, and a plain country gentleman a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates, abounds not in so much false satire, ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

Menander has another very remarkable reflection, worthy even that divine religion, which the last-mentioned writers so impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveness of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient sages, as hath rashly been affirmed; though never inculcated with such frequency, fervor, and cogency, and on motives so weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the Christian System.

Οὐτ' ἐκράτισ' ἐστ' ἀνὴρ, ὡς Γοργίας,  
 "Ὅς ἂν ἀδικεῖσθαι πλεῖς' ἐπιστάται βροτῶν.

'He, O Gorgias, is the most virtuous man,  
 'who best knows among mortals how to bear  
 'injuries with patience.'

It may not be improper to alleviate the seriousness of these moral reflections, by adding a passage of a more light and sprightly turn.

Ο μιν Επιχαρμὸς τῆς Θεῶς εἶναι λέγει,  
 Ἀνέμους, ὕδωρ, γῆν, ἥλιον, πῦρ, ἀστέρας.  
 Ἐγὼ δ' ὑπελάθον χρησίμους εἶναι Θεῶς  
 Τ' ἀργυρίον ἡμῖν καὶ τὸ χρυσίον μόνον.  
 Ἰδρύσασμεν τὰ τῶν, γὰρ εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν  
 Εὐχαί τι βελίη, πάντα σοὶ γίνεσθαι,  
 Ἄγρος οἰκίαι, Δεραπόντες, ἀργυρώματα,  
 Φίλοι, δίκασαι, μαρτυρεῖς——

• Epicharmus indeed, calls the winds, the wa-  
 • ter, the earth, the sun, the fire, and the stars,  
 • gods. But I am of opinion that gold and  
 • silver are our only powerful and propitious  
 • deities. For when once you have introduced  
 • these into your house, wish for what you will,  
 • you shall obtain it; an estate, a habitation,  
 • servants, plate, friends, judges, witnesses.

From these short specimens, we may in some measure be enabled to judge of Menander's way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain prosaic translation, and by considering the passages singly and separately, without knowing the characters of the personages that spoke them, and the aptness and propriety with which they were introduced.

The delicacy and decorum observed constantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of

prosperity and politeness, and could no longer relish the coarse railleries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent Aristophanes.

‘Menander,’ says Plutarch, abounds in a precious Attic salt, which seems to have been taken from the same sea, whence Venus herself arose. But the salt of Aristophanes is bitter, disgusting, and corrosive.’

There are two circumstances that may justly give us a mean opinion of the taste of the Romans for comic entertainments: that in the Augustin age itself, notwithstanding the censure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plautus to the delicacy and civility of Terence, the faithful copier of Menander; and that Terence, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellences of the drama, found himself obliged to violate the simplicity of Menander’s plots, and work up two stories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact *Hecyra*. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune, necessarily draws off the attention from what ought to be its chief object in a legitimate comedy, Character and Humour. I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

Z

PALÆOPHILUS.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.





T H E  
C O N T E N T S  
O F  
V O L U M E T H I R D.

Numb.	Page
71 Letters from six characters.	1
72 The folly of human wishes and schemes to correct the moral government of the world. The history of Nouraddin and Amana.	9
73 The history of Nouraddin and Amana concluded	17
74 Apology for neglecting officious advice.	27
75 Observations on the Odyssey of Homer.	35
76 The mercy of affliction; an eastern story.	44
77 The mischiefs of superstition and infidelity. The history of Fidelia.	51
78 The history of Fidelia continued.	62
79 The history of Fidelia concluded.	76
80 Observations on the Odyssey continued.	88
81 Incitement to enterprize and emulation. Some account of the admirable Crichton.	96
82 Personal beauty produced by moral sentiment.	104
83 Observations on the Odyssey concluded.	111
84 Folly of false pretences to importance. A journey in a stage-coach.	117
85 Study, composition, and converse, equally necessary to intellectual accomplishment.	126
86 The life of Agamus, an old debauchee.	134
87 Politeness a necessary auxiliary to knowledge and virtue.	143

# CONTENTS of VOLUME III.

Numb.	Page
88 Observations on dreaming and madness. Remarkable lunacy of Mr Simon Browne.	149
89 A fragment of Simonides, and an imitation of it.	158
90 Literary offerings in the temple of Fame: A vision	165
91 No universal rule of moral conduct, as it respects society. Story of Y modin and Tamira.	174
92 Criticism on the Pastorals of Virgil.	181
93 Observations on the Tempest of Shakspeare.	192
94 Idleness, however fortunate, incapable of felicity. Story of Ned Froth.	201
95 Apology for apparent plagiarism. Sources of literary variety.	209
96 The necessity of reducing imagination under the dominion of reason, exemplified.	216
97 Observations on the Tempest concluded.	222
98 Account of Tim. Wildgoose by himself. Project to prevent the disappointment of modern ambition.	231
99 Projectors injudiciously censured and applauded.	238
100 Gradation from a Greenhorn to a Blood: the life of Nomentanus.	247
101 Blemishes in Paradise Lost.	256
102 Inclivities of retirement to men of business.	264
103 Natural and adventitious excellence, less desirable than virtue. Almerin and Shelimah; A fairy tale.	272
104 The fairy tale concluded.	279
105 On the fragments of Menander.	288

